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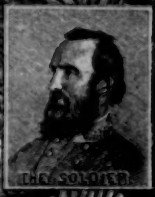

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV. FEBRUARY, 1869. Vol. VI.

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THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV. FEBRUARY, 1869. Vol. VI.

POPULAR ERRORS IN REGARD TO THE BATTLES OF THE WAR.

FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

So much of trash and falsehood has been written and published in regard to the operations of our late great war, that it may well be doubted whether an accurate history of it can ever be written. Certain it is, that the historian, who in the future shall undertake to eliminate the truth from the mass of falsehood and error which obscures it, will find his task a most difficult if not an impossible one. The first accounts of battles which met the public eye were from the pens of anonymous newspaper correspondents, and telegraphic dispatches by irresponsible parties, on both sides. These were eagerly read by an impatient and unreflecting public, and formed the *data* upon which the great mass of readers based their opinions as to the events which were transpiring. They were gathered up and treasured by literary adventurers, anxious to forestall the demands of the reading public by hastily written and crudely digested narratives. When the Official Reports, often unavoidably delayed for a long time, did appear, the public attention was attracted from them by new and important events, which were hurrying fast upon the heels of each other; and the consequence was that most men retained the impressions made upon their minds by the first accounts. It resulted from this state of things that many erroneous opinions as to important facts obtained, and these have been perpetuated by the many books, claiming to be histories of the war, which have been given to the world, both during and since the close of hostilities. The authors of these books, in most cases, do not seem to have deemed it necessary to scrutinize closely the authorities upon which their facts are stated, and, in nu-

merous instances, they have utterly ignored the Official Reports. If they are careless as to their facts, they are unsparing in their criticisms, or lavish of their praises, as their prejudices or partialities prompt them.

A book has been written and published by an intelligent foreigner, who was present with McClellan's army, as an observer, for some time, and was subsequently within the Confederate lines, which shows on its face very clearly that the author was anxious to state the truth, and to do justice in his observations, but, unfortunately, he has been led into many errors by writers of the class above mentioned. This book is a "History of the American War," in three volumes, by Lieut. Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards, published in London. The author is evidently a gentleman, and a soldier of intelligence and training. The tone of his work is admirable, his remarks and criticisms are often just, and he does justice to the valor and patriotism of the Confederate armies, and to the public spirit of the Southern people. He fully appreciates the great disparity in numbers and resources of the two armies; and, as a natural consequence of his being a trained soldier, understanding something of the subject about which he is writing, he is much less pretentious and dogmatic in his criticisms, than the writers who never learned to "set a squadron in the field;" but he gives them with a modesty and hesitation becoming a gentleman and a soldier. It is a great pity that he did not have the materials for writing an accurate history of the war, but he has been misled in many particulars by others, and has adopted some of the currently received errors.

As a sample of the prevailing delusions as to many important facts, it is only necessary to refer to the first battle of Manassas, called by Northern and English writers, the battle of Bull Run. It would seem that, by this time, that battle ought to be understood. It was the first great battle of the war, and the materials for a true history of it undoubtedly exist. At that day, Federal commanders had not learned to distort facts as well as they did afterwards, and McDowell's Report furnishes a very fine account of his side of the battle, while the published Reports of Generals Johnston and Beauregard are very full. Besides these, there were the Reports of subordinate commanders on file for years in the Adjutant General's office, at Richmond, which would have given all necessary information as to minor details. On the Federal side, the reports of "masked batteries" and "legions of Black-horse cavalry," which existed only in the imagination of frightened correspondents and stampeding teamsters, have been very effectually exploded; but it seems not so easy to get rid of the false accounts given by Southern correspondents. Even so learned and able a writer, so conscientious a gentleman, and so earnest an investigator of the truth, as Dr. Dabney, has been imposed upon by some of the current

fictions in regard to this battle, and has incorporated them in his life of General Jackson.

Of all the facts connected with the battle, it would be presumed that there ought to be less doubt about who commanded on the victorious side, than about any other; yet, a very gross blunder has been committed, in this respect, by all the writers who have attempted to describe the battle, except the two most interested, and who knew best, Generals Johnston and Beauregard. The prevailing opinion at the South, at the North, and abroad—shared in, too, by very many officers and soldiers who participated in the battle—is, that Gen. Johnston yielded the command, or chief direction of the operations on the field, to Gen. Beauregard, his junior. The latter fact has been stated in various ways, all, however, substantially the same.—The following is the manner in which Col. Fletcher has stated it:

"On his arrival at head-quarters, Gen. Johnston would, by right of seniority, have been entitled to take the command; but with rare unselfishness, and with a full approval of the plans of General Beauregard, he waived his privilege, and agreed to serve under his junior officer."

It will be a matter of surprise to very many to learn that there is no truth in this statement, except that General Johnston approved and adopted a plan of attack proposed by General Beauregard, which was to have been made by the troops of the latter, and followed up by the troops which Gen. Johnston had brought with him, but which was frustrated entirely, by subsequent events. Yet, such is the case, and the facts were these:

On his arrival, at Manassas Junction, on the 20th of July, Gen. Johnston assumed the command of the whole army, and promulgated the fact in a written order of that date. He at once determined to attack the enemy the next morning, and, as Gen. Beauregard was familiar with the country in front, and the relative positions of the two forces then confronting each other, that officer was very properly consulted as to the plan of attack. General Beauregard proposed a plan of attack, which he had previously matured and communicated in confidence to his brigade commanders, who were in position ready to carry it out when the opportunity occurred. General Johnston approved and adopted the plan, and ordered General Beauregard to make the attack with his troops as proposed, but the former still retained the general supervision and control of all the troops, and the chief direction of the operations. That is, he remained the actual commander-in-chief of the army, and Gen. Beauregard was intrusted, in a subordinate, but still conspicuous position, with the execution of the plan of attack he had proposed. This plan of attack was, however, thwarted entirely by the movement of McDowell against our left, and the battle was fought on ground not contemplated by General Beauregard, and according to a plan which had to be devised on the

emergency. Instead of being a battle on the offensive as contemplated by General Beauregard's plans, we were thrown on the defensive by Gen. McDowell's flank movement, and the ground on which the battle was fought, was of the enemy's choosing.

To set this matter at rest, the following extract is given from a letter from Gen. Johnston to the writer of this article. This letter was written nearly eighteen months ago, and was not intended for publication, but as the extract is in reference to a matter of great historical importance, no hesitation is felt in using it.

Gen. Johnston says in reference to the command at the battle:

"Gen. Beauregard's influence on that occasion was simply that due to my estimate of his military merit and knowledge of 'the situation.' As soon as we met, I expressed to him my determination to attack next morning, because it was not improbable that Patterson might come up Sunday night. He proposed a plan of attack which I accepted. It was defeated, however, by the appearance of Tyler's troops near the Stone Bridge, soon after sunrise. He then proposed to stand on the defensive there, and continue the offensive with the troops on the right of the road from Manassas to Centreville. This was frustrated by the movement which turned Cooke and Evans, and the battle fought was improvised on a field with which Gen. B. and myself were equally unacquainted. Early in the day I placed myself on the high, bare hill, you may remember, a few hundred yards in rear of Mitchell's ford, and Gen. B. soon joined me there. When convinced that *the* battle had begun on our left, I told Gen. B. so, and that I was about to hasten to it. He followed. When we reached the field, and he found that I was about to take immediate control of the brigades engaged, he represented that it would be incompatible with the command of the army to do so, and urged that he should have the command in question. I accepted the argument. This, however, left him under me."

This statement would not be doubted if it depended alone on Gen. Johnston's assertion, but it is also in conformity to the facts stated in Gen. Beauregard's Report.

It has been supposed by some that Gen. Beauregard claims, in his Report, that the chief direction of the operations on the field had been yielded to, and was exercised by him; but such is not the case, as will be seen by a careful examination of the Report itself.

In the first part of the Report, Gen. Beauregard says:

"General Johnston arrived here about noon on the 20th of July, and being my senior in rank, he necessarily assumed command of all the forces of the Confederate States, then concentrating at this point. Made acquainted with my plan of operations and dispositions to meet the enemy, he gave them his entire approval, and generously directed their execution under my command."

He then proceeds to show how

the plan for the attack on our part had been frustrated, and to describe the commencement of the battle on the left, to which point he and General Johnston proceeded; and he further says:

"As soon as General Johnston and myself reached the field, we were occupied with the reörganization of the heroic troops, whose previous stand, with scarce a parallel, has nothing more valiant in all the pages of history, and whose losses fully tell why, at length, their lines had lost their cohesion. It was now that General Johnston impressively and gallantly charged to the front with the colors of the 4th Alabama regiment by his side, all the field officers of the regiment having been previously disabled.

* * * * * *

"As soon as we had thus rallied and disposed our forces, I urged Gen. Johnston to leave the immediate conduct of the field to me, while he, repairing to Portico —the Lewis House—should urge reinforcements forward. At first he was unwilling, but reminded that one of us must do so, and that properly it was his place, he reluctantly but fortunately complied; fortunately, because from that position, by his energy and sagacity, his keen perception and anticipation of my needs, he so directed the reserves as to insure the success of the day."

At the time of which General Beauregard is speaking, the only troops on the field and engaged, were Evans' demi-brigade of a regiment and a battalion, Jackson's and Bee's brigades, Hampton's legion, (less than a regiment,) and several batteries of artillery, and it was these troops of which he took the immediate command. Subsequently to this, three brigades and three regiments were brought up and went into action. Five brigades remained further to the right guarding Bull Run below, and watching the force threatening our right and centre, two of which brigades were ordered to the field, but did not arrive until the battle was over. It was, therefore, very proper, that, at this juncture, Gen. Johnston should not take the active command on the field of only a small portion of his troops, who were engaged in the attempt to hold their position until reinforcements arrived, and that he should yield that command to the second in rank, while he himself directed the movements of the approaching reinforcements, and superintended the general operations of the whole force from right to left. He did not leave the field to direct the movements of the reinforcements, but remained upon it, on horseback, in the proper position for the commanding general 'oq oq and there the writer found him, on his arrival, and received from him in person the orders which carried his brigade into action. It was the skill with which General Johnston ordered the reinforcements into action that turned the tide of battle, and insured the victory, which before hung in the scales. Gen. Beauregard, with admirable courage and skill, performed the duty assigned him, and richly earned the promotion awarded him, but to Gen. Johnston is due the credit

attached to the chief command.

To place the truth before the world, is not to do injustice to Gen. Beauregard, as he is entitled only to the glory which he actually won, and that is sufficient to give him undying fame. General Johnston is entitled to the honor of having, as commander-in-chief, won the first great victory of the war, and let it be given to him.

Another most remarkable misapprehension in regard to this battle, is the generally received opinion that Gen. E. Kirby Smith, while passing with a body of troops over the Manassas Gap Railroad, heard the roar of battle, stopped the trains of cars then on their way to Manassas, and moved directly for the battle-field, so as to come upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and by a vigorous assault in that quarter, to turn the tide of battle. This alleged feat has been described in a variety of ways. One account has it, that as he was seen approaching from the unexpected direction, Gen. Beauregard mistook his column for a fresh force of the enemy and sent directions to prepare for a retreat; but soon a gentle breeze unfurled the Confederate flag over the approaching column, the mistake was discovered, the previous orders for a retreat countermanded, a new attack ordered, and the enemy put to flight. Another account, contained in a book published in London, by an Englishman, who professes to have been in the Confederate Army as a lieutenant of artillery, is, that President Davis arrived at the Junction during the battle, and, learning that our troops were being defeated, jumped on a horse and galloped to the field for the purpose of sharing the fate of the army. On nearing the scene of action, he discovered our army in full retreat before the victorious Federals, but, just at that critical moment, Smith's command came up in the rear of the enemy, recognized the Confederate President, gave a wild cheer, and rushed upon the hitherto victorious columns, which, unable to withstand the onset, fled in utter confusion and dismay.

All these accounts are very graphic and very glorious, but, unfortunately, there happens not to be a word of truth in the whole story. Gen. Smith, even if he heard the noise of the battle while on the cars, certainly did not stop them, but arrived at the Junction with Elzey's brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery, under Lieut. Beckham, and, finding orders for him to move to the battle-field with the rest of the command, after detaching one regiment for duty at the works, did so very promptly. Moving on the direct road, he came upon the field in rear of our line, where he was wounded very shortly after his arrival. Elzey then moved to the left under orders from General Johnston, met and checked a column of the enemy which was attempting to flank our left, and participated in the final struggle which ended in the enemy's repulse and rout. These facts are stated with great clearness and precision by General, then Col. Elzey in his Report, which hap-

pens to be the only one of the Reports of brigade commanders which was published, and it is to be found in Moore's "Rebellion Record," a work in several volumes, collated and published at the North, containing much trash and falsehood, with some truth.

All the published accounts of the battle, except the official ones, contain this alleged exploit of Gen. Smith, with comments on it, and it is a little singular that none of those critics professing to give authentic histories, have ever thought of looking to the Official Reports to verify the truth of it.

Gen. Johnston's Report is not at hand to quote from, but here is what Gen. Beauregard says in regard to this matter:

"Another important accession to our forces had also occurred about the same time. At 3 o'clock, p. m., Gen. E. K. Smith, with some 1,700 infantry of Elzey's brigade, of the Army of the Shenandoah, and Beckham's battery, came upon the field from Camp Pickens, Manassas, where they had arrived by railroad at noon. Directed in person by Gen. Johnston to the left, then so much endangered, on reaching a position in rear of the oak woods, south of the Henry House, and immediately east of the Sudley road, Gen. Smith was disabled by a severe wound, and his valuable services were lost at this critical juncture.

"But the command devolved upon a meritorious officer of experience, Col. Elzey, who led his infantry at once somewhat farther to the left, in the direction of the Chinne House, across the road, through the oaks skirting the west side of the road, and around which he sent the battery under Beckham. This officer took up a most favorable position near the house, whence, with a clear view of the Federal right and centre, filling the open fields to the west of Brentsville-Sudley road, and gently sloping southward, he opened fire, with his battery, upon them with a deadly and damaging effect.

"Col. Early, who, by some mischance, did not receive orders until 2 o'clock,* which had been sent him at noon, came on the ground immediately after Elzey, with Kemper's 7th Virginia, Hays' 7th Louisiana, and Barksdale's 13th Mississippi regiments. The brigade, by the personal direction of Gen. Johnston, was marched by the Hallaham House, across the fields to the left, en-

* This is a mistake in regard to the time the order was received. It was received between 12 and 1 o'clock though there had been some delay in its transmission, as it came through Gen. D. R. Jones, in a note to him, and was in these words: "Send Early to me." If the order had not been received until 2, the brigade could not have been marched from the rear of McClean's ford, where it was at the time the order was received, to the battle-field, by the time specified, though the utmost haste was made, as the survivors of the brigade will well recollect. It is a little singular that Gen. Beauregard had, in his Report, previously stated that the order, now alleged to have been sent at noon, had been sent at 10:30 a. m. This shows how errors will creep into the most carefully prepared documents.

tirely around the woods, which Elzey had passed, and under a severe fire, into a position in line of battle near Chinne's House, outflanking the enemy's right."

Then ensued the last conflict, which resulted in the enemy's defeat. The last portion of the above extract is not given for the purpose of disputing with Generals Smith and Elzey for the honor of the alleged attack on the enemy's right and rear, but to show that the present writer was in a position to know that of which he speaks. He was on the extreme left, and in a condition to know that none of our troops came upon the rear of the enemy's right flank. General Smith was entitled to great credit for the promptness with which he moved to the battle-field, and the timely arrival of the command, and its subsequent movement to the left under Col. Elzey, undoubtedly averted a disaster. The latter officer gallantly won his promotion on that occasion, and subsequently showed himself eminently worthy of it.

A brave man does not feel complimented by having ascribed to him deeds which he did not perform. He desires credit only for what he has done. Neither the hero of Richmond, Kentucky, nor the gallant Elzey stands in need of fictitious laurels.

Another error, into which many writers have fallen, is a statement that Holmes' brigade came up and participated in the final repulse of the enemy, whereas the fact is that it did not reach the battle-field at all, or if it did, not until the battle was over and the enemy in entire rout.

The foregoing are some of the glaring blunders in regard to this battle, committed by writers claiming to be historians of the war, blunders committed, not by a few, but by many. It is true they are sustained in them by the common opinion, but this does not make history. The historian who adopts common rumor, not founded on actual knowledge, when authentic annals are within his reach, is undeserving the name.

In view of such errors in the accounts of the first battle of Manassas, the authenticity of the remark attributed to the late lamented Bee, from which the surname of "Stonewall" was given to General Jackson, may well be doubted. Fortunately the fame of that great hero does not rest on the authenticity of the incident, though he will forever remain endeared to the Southern people and their descendants by the popular appellation, and the name itself will be as immortal as that of "*Cœur De Lion.*" But it is a question whether any better authority can be vouched for Bee's exclamation, than that of the "reliable gentleman" so often quoted. There was nothing more likely than that the gallant Bee, in his appeal to his shattered troops, should have referred them to the example of Jackson and his brave men, but a stone wall gives no appropriate idea of Jackson's character as a soldier. He was not likely to remain stationary long enough for the comparison, and he was more like a thunder-

bolt of war, than so pacific a thing as a stone wall.

Where writers of history commit such errors in regard to facts as those which have been pointed out, what weight is to be attached to their criticisms on the events they relate? Yet they pronounce them with unhesitating confidence, and with a positiveness which is intended to estop all dissent.

No event of the war has elicited more unsparing criticisms than the failure to prosecute the victory at Manassas to the capture of Washington. The opinion that Washington city would have fallen into our hands if we had advanced at once, is expressed in the most dogmatic manner. It is said that the Federal army was utterly routed and demoralized, and if the Confederate army had gone on, the Federal authorities and soldiers would have fled from the city, and it would have fallen without a struggle. The ignorance and incompetency of the self-constituted historians is not more signally shown in their relation of the facts of the battle, than it is in their criticisms upon the failure to follow up the victory. There is one important feature in the geography of the country which they utterly ignore. They take no note of so important a fact as the existence of the Potomac River. Now, rivers are very easy things to cross in times of peace, where there are bridges and ferries to facilitate the passage, but in war they furnish very formidable obstacles to the passage of armies. The Potomac at Washington and for many miles above is a wide and deep river, not fordable, and at that time with no bridges except those at Washington and Georgetown, both of which, besides being very destructible, were susceptible of defence by a mere handful of men against an army of any size. There was, in addition, the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which was still more easy of defence, and could also have been readily destroyed. When any man undertakes to declare that Washington city would have been captured by an advance immediately after the battle of Manassas, let him state how the river could have been crossed, first in the face of an army, however small and however demoralized; and if he cannot do that, then let him say how the river could have been crossed, if the city had been evacuated, after the bridges had been burnt, the aqueduct blown up, and all the boats destroyed. When he comes to answer these questions, then perhaps he may realize some of the difficulties in the way of the capture of the Federal capital, even at the time it was in the greatest dismay.

General Johnston, in a letter published in the Selma *Times* near two years ago, in review of some comments of Dr. Dabney, in his life of General Jackson, on the failure to advance, has stated why Washington was not and could not be captured, after the victory of Manassas. He does not attempt to evade the responsibility, or to shift it on to the shoulders of another, but boldly assumes the responsibility attached to his position as commander of the army.

His facts are true and his reasoning is unanswerable.

Washington could not have been captured, and it is idle to talk about it. Our army, formed of new levies just taken from civil life, and officered in a great measure by civilians, unaccustomed to command, was itself, in a great measure, demoralized by the victory. The troops which had been actively engaged in the battle, had not won their victory without being themselves considerably shattered. It required time to restore order and put the various commands in a condition to move. The writer had occasion to ride over the battle-field in the direction of Manassas, the night after the battle, and he saw enough to discover that most of the troops which had been engaged in the battle, were in no condition to move the next day. It was one of the evils inherent in raw troops. A year later, on the same field, the case was very different,—but at the first battle we were all new in the practice of the art of war. Even our generals were inexperienced in command, and they are not to be judged by the same rules applicable to experienced commanders with disciplined troops to control.

But independent of all other considerations, the Potomac furnished to us an impassable barrier against our advance to the Federal city. That river is a mile wide at Washington, and we had no guns of range sufficient to fire across the river into the city. If we had, therefore, moved promptly on the morning of the 22d, and the Federal troops had abandoned entirely the South bank of the Potomac, on our approach, we could not have forced a passage of the river, even if we had had the means of crossing after getting there. Rungan's division of McDowell's army did not get up to the battle ground, or even to Centreville, and it was intact. Mansfield had remained in Washington with 15,000 troops, when McDowell advanced. Besides, there were war vessels lying near Washington with heavy long-range guns. These latter (Mansfield's troops and the war vessels) would have been sufficient to dispute the passage of the river with us successfully, even if the whole of McDowell's army, including Rungan's division, had been utterly paralyzed or dispersed. It is folly to suppose that the city would have been evacuated and the bridges left intact. If all the civilians and politicians had stampeded, still there were some old soldiers there, and they would have retained their senses. There was not a ford on the Potomac practicable for infantry, nearer than White's ford, about six miles above Leesburg, and about forty miles above Washington. Below White's ford there was no bridge except the Chain Bridge at Georgetown, and the Long Bridge at Washington.—We had no pontoons and no means of constructing them.—White's ford was an obscure ford, in a farm, and in 1862 the banks of the river had to be dug down at that place, to permit the crossing of the trains and artillery of Jackson's corps. Before the time at which our army could

possibly have reached it, if it had moved promptly, the rain which began to fall the morning after the battle, had rendered the river unfordable at all points. We could not possibly have followed so closely on the heels of the routed army, as to have entered the city along with it, even if that had been practicable, had we been able to follow closely enough to make the attempt. The most of the enemy's troops were in Washington city, or under the protection of the guns at Arlington Heights, by light next morning. Who imagines that it would have been possible for our men to have kept up with the panic-stricken fugitives from the battle-field, in such a race as they made?

The obstacle furnished to us, therefore, by the Potomac, was an insurmountable one,—if there had been no other difficulties in the way. We were not then in a condition to undertake a war of invasion, and it would have been folly to have undertaken it.—Most of our men were wholly unused to marching, and if we had attempted to go into Maryland, or Pennsylvania, by the upper fords of the Potomac, the army would have been broken down and demoralized for the want of proper seasoning. The most that an advance could have accomplished, would have been the transfer of our lines to the banks of the Potomac. But what good would that have done? We could have taken that line before the Federal troops crossed into Virginia, but it was then deemed untenable, and if we had taken it after the victory, we would have had to abandon it for the same reason it was not taken in the first place. If we had had a force of serviceable cavalry, the routed army might have been pursued, and, doubtless, many more prisoners and wagons captured than we got, but we had no cavalry then. What was called cavalry, consisted, at that time, of nothing but inexperienced mounted men, with very inefficient weapons, which they could not use on horseback, and these mounted men were few in number.

The battle had accomplished the purpose for which the position at Manassas, had been taken.—The Confederate Capital had been saved, and the invading army had been arrested in its progress and hurled back upon the Northern frontier. To have expected more, would have been expecting impossibilities in the then condition of our means of prosecuting the war.

After the victory, the question of an advance by his army, was one for General Johnston to consider and decide. None could be so well informed of the condition of his army, and the means at hand for making a successful advance, as himself.—Upon him was the responsibility of the decision, and he decided, and decided wisely. Such must be the judgment of all intelligent military critics, upon a full view of the facts, whatever may be the opinions of inexperts.

If the war could have been fought by fireside generals, and with paper pellets, doubtless it would have been brought to a speedier and happier end, but,

unfortunately, it had to be fought by a very different class of men, and with much more deadly weapons.

Of all the writers on the war, none have perpetrated greater blunders as to facts, or delivered more presumptuous and erroneous judgments on military operations, than Mr. Edward A. Pollard, author of a book which he styles "The Lost Cause." He assumes to be the chosen historian of the South. His book claims, on the title page, to have been written with the sanction of the leading Confederate Generals, and on the back it is stamped "The Standard Southern History of the War." His publishers, E. B. Treat & Co., of New York, put forth the following circular on the appearance of the work:

The Only Official and Authorized Southern History of the War, Now Ready for Delivery.

—o—

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Such a work will be of peculiar interest to the candid and intelligent public of the North, and is of the utmost importance to the people of the Southern States.

MR. POLLARD, of all writers in the South, is doubtless the best qualified to prepare a complete and Standard History of the War, and to commit to the present and future generations, a faithful and worthy record of their great struggle, and of a cause lost, save in honor. Having been employed during the entire period of the war as editor of a Richmond newspaper, and thus trained to the best sources of information, and by especial research has collected a quantity of historical material pertaining to the secret history of the war which no one else in the country has or can now obtain.

He comes to the work with the encouragement and authority of Generals R. E. LEE, J. E. JOHNSTON, BEAUREGARD, "DICK" TAYLOR, FITZHUGH LEE, Ex-Gov. WISE, and other distinguished Confederate Leaders.

PRICE IN CLOTH, $5. SHEEP (LIBRARY STYLE,) $6. HALF CALF (ANTIQUE,) $8.

This Work is sold only by subscription; to parties where we have no Agent, we will forward the Book upon receipt of retail Price.

The claim thus persistently made for Mr. Pollard, that he is the chosen historian of the Confederate leaders, is not without its effect. Foreigners cannot understand how a man can have the effrontery to set up such a claim unless it is true, especially when it is made for such a length of time without a disavowal. In England no writer would dare thus use the names of others without permission, and the consequence is that Mr. Pollard's book is accepted by Englishmen and others desirous of examining the southern accounts of the war, as a work put forth by the authority he claimes for it. The claim is certainly not true as regards some of the gentlemen whose names are specified, and it can hardly be true as to any of them. If Mr. Pollard or his publishers have made use of names of the distinguished Confederate Generals mentioned, without their authority, if in fact he did not come to the work with their "encouragement and authority," it is respectfully submitted whether they do not owe it to themselves, to the truth of history, and to the cause, to make a disavowal in some form or other. It is most probable that the circular has never met the eye of any of the gentlemen named in it.

As in the article some important historical errors are noticed and corrected, the writer appends his signature.

J. A. Early.

Drummondville, Canada.

I state authoritatively that the claim set forth by the Publishers of The Lost Cause is untrue as far as Generals Johnston, Beauregard and Wise are concerned. And I believe equally untrue with regard to Gen. R. E. Lee and the other officers named.

Editor Land we Love.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

Fair emblem of a nation's pride,
Sad emblem of a nation's loss!—
Our loyal hearts are with you still—
We glory in our starry cross!
As pure, as proud, as stainless now,
With staff reversed and drapery furled,
As when of late it brightly waved
Amid the nations of the world!

As in a vision, still I see
That mighty army marching on,
Where high amid the battle-clouds
That snow-white standard proudly shone:
I see the leaders, tried and true,
Who first its starry folds unfurled;
The noblest names were ever writ
Upon the records of the world!

Oh, patriot hearts,—ye are not dead;
Your deeds have not been done in vain.
Oh, glorious flag! the clouds shall pass;
Your stars shall yet shine out again!
For somewhere in the coming years
Your stainless folds shall be unfurled,
And float again, the noblest flag
Amid the nations of the world!

Richmond, Va.

ROSE COTTAGE.

A REAL INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY M. J. H.

ROSE COTTAGE was an ancient Virginia mansion, of simple and unpretending architecture, but rich in the hallowed associations which usually cluster about old homesteads. Its white walls and peaked, moss-covered roof were overhung by broad leaved catalpas and silvery aspens, whose tremulous leaves cast flickering shadows on the smooth, green turf at their feet. Roses clambered about the high, narrow windows, and jasmines and honeysuckles draped the little, old-fashioned porches. In the month of roses, when the queen of flowers unfolds its fullest splendors, and when the numerous specimens which had given its name to the place, were in full blossom, it was a little Eden of bloom and beauty.

Never had it seemed lovelier than on the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1864. Within the house all was neatness and quiet. The little, old-fashioned parlor, with its simple, tasteful furniture, the cosy dining room with its inviting tea-table, already spread with the glistening tea-service, the airy chambers with their polished floors and snowy draperies, all bespoke the comfort and taste of the occupants. Without, all was freshness and beauty. The sun was sinking in the west, and the coolness of the evening was coming on. The flowers gave out a richer odor in this softened light than under the broad glare of noon, and the air was full of the soft, sweet sounds of closing day—the lowing of the cattle on their way from the pasture, the subdued twittering of the birds about their nests in the trees and rose bushes, and the chirping of insects just awakened from their noon-day nap in the tall grass.

On the front porch, under the shadow of clustering vines, sat three persons, a gentleman and two ladies. The elder of the ladies, who wore the sober garb of a widow, was engaged in the domestic employment of capping strawberries for tea. The other, a maiden with flowing, sunny hair and soft blue eyes, and a very Hebe in her youthful bloom and beauty, had been sewing, but had laid down her work to watch the lovely sunset. The young man beside her was just closing a book from which he had been reading aloud. He was tall and well formed, a very model of manly strength and beauty. His hair was cut close to his handsome head, soldier fashion, and he wore the Confederate uniform, in the

eyes of the maiden, the most becoming costume of the day.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sullen roar of distant artillery. A shadow crept over the girl's face, and she said, with a sigh,

"Alas! under the charm of our sweet and peaceful surroundings, I had forgotten for a moment that there is war in the land—that the earth is drenched with blood and tears, and the air filled with the noise of deadly missiles, the groans of the dying, and the wailings of bereavement. Oh! when will the time come when we may know an hour of happiness? when anxiety and dread shall not darken every moment!"

"Well, you need not let that cannonading distress you," said the young man, "for it is only the usual artillery duel between the Yankee gunboats on the river and our batteries at Drury's Bluff. They are perfectly harmless, and you may rest assured, that now, at least, nobody is being hurt."

"That may be," she replied, "but there is frequent skirmishing along the lines below Richmond, when somebody is always hurt; and only ten days ago we had the terrible battle at Drury's Bluff, when this county, and especially this neighborhood, suffered so severely in the loss of men. The roar of the battle was terrific, and when the news came of the killed and wounded, there was such grief as I hope never to witness again."

"You look too much on the dark side, Alice," said her companion, cheerfully. "There is a bright side to everything, even war, and we soldiers do not take the thing so seriously. Not only in camp and on the march, but even in line of battle we have our jokes and merriment; and I assure you we enjoy our furloughs intensely, even when obtained as mine was," and he pointed to his left arm, which was carried in a sling. "Come," he said, rising and taking her hand, "dismiss your gloomy thoughts. We will imagine that angry rumble to be the noise of distant thunder, which it much resembles, and fancy the whole world to be as calm and peaceful as this lovely bower of roses here. Let us take a walk in this soft twilight. We will go out by the church, where we may perchance see some passing cavalryman who will tell us the news; for this last raid of Sheridan's has not only interrupted mail communication, but stopped all travel to Richmond, so that we are in total ignorance of the whereabouts and operations of Gen. Lee's army."

As they were passing down the grand walk which led to the little wicket gate in front of the house, Alice stopped to gather some flowers from the border, saying as she did so, "I never like to go to the church without carrying something, either flowers or evergreens, to place on the grave of the soldier who died there when it was used as a hospital in '62. It looks so lonely all by itself."

Their walk to the church, less than half a mile distant, lay through a narrow, open field into a dense pine wood, through which ran a ravine bordered by tangled

brushwood. The church, a plain wooden building, stood on the edge of the forest immediately beside the public road leading to Richmond. Under the shadow of spreading oaks and funereal pines, just in the rear of the forest sanctuary, was a solitary grave, marked by a wooden head-board, on which was inscribed the name, company and regiment of a Southern soldier. Beside this they paused, and Alice knelt down and carefully removed some dead leaves and withered flowers from the mound, then tenderly placed her garland on it.

The soldier stood reverently by, watching her with interest. "It is to me a beautiful spectacle," he said, "the devotion of the women of the South to their country's cause and its defenders. And often, amid the cheerlessness of the weary bivouac or the horrors of battle, I have thought, with comfort, that fall where I may, throughout this broad, sunny land, whether I shall sleep my last sleep in the crowded hospital cemeteries, or in some lonely, unmarked grave on the battle-field, fair hands will deck my grave with flowers, soft eyes will water its green sod with tears, and pure and tender hearts will throb with loving pity over it."

"Oh! speak not of the probability of your death, Henry," said Alice in a mournful, deprecating tone. "Let me believe that you at least are invulnerable, panoplied, by my love and prayers, with an invincible armor."

"I wish for your sake that it might be so, darling," he said, drawing her closer to his side.—"But in these uncertain times it is well to be prepared for the worst."

The trampling of hoofs drew their attention to the road, and looking up they saw two cavalry men proceeding at a brisk trot in the direction of Richmond. Henry hailed them, and desiring them to stop, hurried forward and demanded the news.

"Very bad news for the people of this section," they replied.—"Scouts report that Grant's whole army, with Sheridan's cavalry in the van, is marching rapidly through King William in the direction of the Hanover Town ferry, which they will probably reach to-night."

At this unexpected announcement, Alice turned pale. "Reach Hanover Town to-night!" she repeated in consternation, "why that is but four miles off. They will occupy this country to-morrow, and we shall again be in the Yankee lines. Oh! how terrible!"

"But where is General Lee?" asked Henry.

"We have been picketing on the Pamunky for some time," replied the soldier, "and have heard but little from the main body of the army. When last heard from, a few days since, it was near Hanover Junction."

"That being the case," said Henry, musingly, "it will be impossible for Gen. Lee to make the Pamunky his line. He will probably deploy his forces along the upper part of the Totopotamoy and thence across towards Cold Harbor."

"Grant had better keep away from Cold Harbor," said the sol-

dier with a smile, "for the shade of Jackson haunts that spot."

"Come, Henry," said Alice, "let us return at once to the cottage and inform my mother of what we have heard. We must send off the horses, and whatever else we can, to Richmond to-night."

"Yes, and I must be skedaddling, to borrow a Yankee term," he observed gaily; "for I have no desire to try Yankee hospitality in Fort Delaware or Point Lookout."

"But where will you go?" she asked. "Surely not to the army with your wound unhealed. Not being able to use your arm you can render no service there."

"It is true I cannot do much fighting, in my present crippled condition," he replied, "but I can do service as a courier or guide, for I am pretty well acquainted with the topography of the country around here."

Their walk to the cottage was a silent one; for, although Henry was quite cheerful, and disposed to be talkative, he could not dissipate Alice's fears or calm her trepidation sufficiently to engage her in conversation.

"You are too unreasonably alarmed at the idea of being in the Federal lines," said he. "You forget that you were once in Gen. McClellan's lines, and survived it—that, according to your own admission, you suffered very little except mentally."

"Yes," she replied, "but *you* forget that no other Federal army has ever behaved on Southern soil like that commanded by Gen. McClellan."

When they entered the porch at the Cottage, Mrs. Carey called out cheerfully from the dining-room bidding them come in to tea. As he stood in the dining-room door, Henry could but mentally remark the comfort and cheerfulness of the scene—the well lighted room, the serene countenance of the widow, and the well filled board, set out with sparkling glass and china, and spread with such delicacies as were independent of the blockade, delicious bread and butter, cold ham, iced milk, and strawberries and cream. On their entrance, the hostess had addressed to them some pleasant remark, but catching a glimpse of her daughter's countenance, the words were arrested on her lips, and she exclaimed anxiously,

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?"

"Only that the Yankees are coming—Grant's whole army—will be here to-morrow," was the reply.

"Is this so?" she demanded of Henry, in a tone of mingled wonder and terror.

He replied by repeating the intelligence he had received from the soldier, and added that he believed the report to be perfectly correct.

"Then," she said promptly, "I must have the wagon packed immediately for Richmond. You will excuse me if I leave Alice to make your tea."

With this she left the room, and summoning her servants, who responded with alacrity, they immediately set to work packing clothes, china, plate, provisions and whatever else could be con-

veyed away. Henry had volunteered to escort the wagon to Richmond and see the contents carefully deposited there, and so his departure was more hurried than it would otherwise have been. Mrs. Carey took leave of him upon the porch, weeping as though she never expected to see him again, and expressing many good wishes for his health and safety. The sight of her distress troubled him greatly, and he said earnestly:

"Since you and Alice apprehend so much suffering from a sojourn in the Federal lines, I wish you would conclude to go with me to Richmond."

"Oh! no," she replied, "that cannot be; for if I should leave the house unoccupied it would certainly be greatly injured, if not totally destroyed. By remaining in it I may be able to save the roof and walls, and that will be a great deal; for if it should be burned, I would not be able to rebuild it during the war, perhaps never."

Alice followed him to the yard gate, and stood clinging to his hand and detaining him with last words long after the wagon had disappeared from sight. As they stood there in the soft stillness of the summer night, despite the anxious forebodings which oppressed their hearts, and the pain of parting, they could not be insensible to the magic beauty of the hour, made lovely by the innumerable twinkling stars spangling the calm, blue sky above, the fireflies glancing like tiny meteors through the still air, the delicious odor of May roses, and the sweet, plaintive song of the whippoorwill.

"Alas!" said Henry, "how strange that in this world of harmony and beauty the only discordant note should vibrate in the human soul, the noblest part of the noblest creature of all this vast creation. How sweet will be the life to come, when our purified and glorified natures shall be in harmony with all that is holy and lovely. And how sweet the hope, dear one, that though we should never meet again on earth, we may meet in a better land, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

When at last he had mounted his horse, Alice watched his graceful form as he cantered away in the moon-light until it was lost to view in the shadow of the forest, then kneeling upon the dewy turf, she breathed a fervent prayer for his safety.

Henry Holmes was the son of one of Mrs. Carey's oldest and best friends, who, shortly after her marriage, had removed to Texas, and still resided there. It had been many years since the friends had met, but their friendship had suffered no diminution by absence; and when Henry, some years before, had come as a student to the University of Virginia, he was furnished by his mother with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Carey, commending him to her motherly care while away from his home. The trust was readily accepted and lovingly fulfilled. He had not completed his collegiate course when the war broke out, and choosing to re-

main in Virginia rather than return to his native State, he had joined a cavalry company of Stuart's command. At the first battle of Manassas he was badly wounded, when Mrs. Carey had hastened to the field hospital where he lay, and tenderly nursed him until he was able to be removed to her home. Several months elapsed before he was again fit for duty, and it was during those lovely autumn days of his delightful convalescence at Rose Cottage that he first told Alice of the love which for some time had possessed his heart. He was happy in finding his love returned, and Mrs. Carey received the news of their betrothal with pleased approval. Except for the painful anxiety which the maiden suffered in view of the dangers and hardships to which her lover was constantly exposed, the course of true love had, in their case, so far run smooth. Robust health had attended him through all his campaigning, and he had passed unscathed through every conflict until two weeks before he had received a flesh wound in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House.

The household at Rose Cottage passed an anxious, wakeful night. From their fitful slumbers they were aroused about dawn by the sharp report of a carbine in the direction of the river, and hastily sprang from their beds to prepare for the reception of the unwelcome visitors momentarily expected. The cattle were driven to a remote pasture, and deposites of provisions made in every secret place which ingenuity could devise. Scarcely were their hurried preparations concluded, when the head of a column of Federal cavalry hove in sight, proceeding in the direction of Richmond.—The first detachment passed on without molesting them, but the next halted opposite the Cottage, and about fifteen or twenty men from it dashed up to the house, and, having carefully reconnoitred the premises to be sure there were no "guerillas" about, entered and demanded food. This was instantly supplied to them, but not being furnished in sufficient quantities to satisfy their demand, they proceeded to search the house for what they wanted, forcing doors, breaking locks, demolishing furniture, and helping themselves to whatever struck their fancy. Finding that remonstrances and entreaties only elicited threats and curses, Mrs. Carey desisted from them, and stood silently by, watching the plundering and destruction of her property. Soon the whole regiment entered the farm, and having dismounted, picketed their horses to a portion of the fencing about the yard and garden, while the rest was quickly torn down and broken up for firewood. The barn was burst open and the grain rapidly distributed to the horses, and the meat-house soon emptied, while a spirited skirmishing went on with pigs and poultry. Fresh swarms of soldiers thronged the house, trampling, overturning and destroying whatever they found therein. At length, a kind and gentlemanly officer came to the rescue, drove out the men from the house and placed a guard around it, so that

for a few hours the trembling, terror-stricken women enjoyed a season of comparative quiet and privacy. Near the close of the afternoon, the troops were moved back in the direction of the river, leaving only a vidette stationed at the gate of Rose Cottage, and a company on picket at the church.

Dinnerless and supperless, Alice and her mother retired to their chamber where, throughout the night, one watched at the open window, while the other reposed in uneasy slumber on a couch near by. But no sound or movement disturbed the stillness of the night. Only the glow of campfires in the east, and the dark figure of the sentinel clearly defined against the starless sky, betokened the presence of the enemy.

Daylight brought no fresh alarms, and several hours wore on unmarked by any event of interest, until about nine o'clock a scouting party of Yankees was seen passing in the direction of Richmond. Scarcely had they disappeared from sight when the popping of carbines was heard in that quarter, and immediately after, they were seen running to the rear, followed by a squadron of Confederate cavalry, who pursued them with drawn sabres flashing brightly in the morning sun. There was then the scattering fire of light skirmishing in the direction of the church, and the Confederates fell back from the wood, and rapidly deployed in line of battle along its margin. They were soon reinforced by another detachment, and commenced firing on the enemy, who returned the fire with vigor. In the meantime, reconnoitering parties galloped rapidly along the edge of the wood, and couriers dashed back and forth. Soon a brigade of dismounted cavalry arrived upon the scene, and were marched in line of battle into the wood, which they penetrated several hundred yards before striking the enemy. The irregular fire of the skirmish now deepened into the steady roar of battle. A battery of artillery rattled by at a brisk trot, and was unlimbered on a hill near the house. Simultaneously, another battery opened on the other end of the line, and their thunder shook the Cottage to its foundation.

The major general commanding, with his staff, rode into the yard, and sat on his horse in the shade of the trees, receiving and dispatching couriers. Among these, Mrs. Carey and Alice soon recognized Henry Holmes. He came in from a distant part of the field, and after delivering his report to the general, dismounted and entered the house.

"I see the Yankees have paid you a visit," he said to his friends as they eagerly came forward to greet him.

"Oh! yes, and a terrible one it was," they replied.

"Well, I am afraid that our call will scarcely prove more agreeable," he said, "for we are expecting to have quite a sharp fight here, which will probably last through the day. The position of that battery, too, will draw the fire of the Federal artillery to this point, so that it will be very unsafe for you to remain

in the house. You had better get the servants together and go a mile or two to the rear. I would accompany you, but have offered my services to General Fitz Lee as a courier, and cannot leave my post. After the battle I will seek you out, and try and find you a conveyance to Richmond."

The servants were quickly assembled, and after a hurried leave-taking—some tears from Alice, and a few reassuring words from Henry—the fugitives set out. The first stage of their flight was attended with no little danger, for bullets whistled about their ears, and shells flew shrieking overhead, or exploded around them, sometimes in their very path. Just beyond the range of the light field pieces used in the engagement, Mrs. Carey and her daughter stopped at a little house on the roadside; but the terrified negroes, determined to leave danger as far behind as possible, went farther on. At this point the wounded were being collected from the battle-field to await the ambulance train, which had not yet arrived. The ladies at once set to work to minister to the comfort of these, by handing them water and home-made wine, fanning the tired and faint, and binding up such slight wounds as were not beyond their skill. It was a sad and trying task, for the sight of the mangled, bleeding forms and pallid, suffering faces, wrought painfully upon their sensibilities; but they shrank not from it, nor paused for a moment's rest.

There was a small Confederate force engaged, as yet, against a vastly superior number of Federals, and the expected reinforcements were eagerly looked for.

"We have a good position," said a wounded officer whom Mrs. Carey was tending, "and when I left, the men were fighting splendidly, not having yielded an inch of the original line, although repeatedly charged by four times their number. If the reinforcements only arrive before they are completely exhausted, there will be no doubt of our accomplishing the object of the demonstration, which was to hold this road until night, thus keeping Grant in check until Gen. Lee can get his army into position."

Just then the expected reinforcements made their appearance. They were greeted by the wounded with cheers, which they lustily returned as they pressed on to the front. Soon the deepening roar of battle told that they were hotly engaged. With the increased heat of the conflict, the number of wounded increased. The ambulances employed in conveying them to the field hospital several miles farther in the rear, were insufficient for their immediate accommodation, and quite a number had accumulated in the yard. While Alice was busily engaged tending these, two men brought a stretcher and placed it under a tree near her. She turned to proffer her cup of cold water, and recognized in the wounded man, Henry Holmes. He was covered with blood, and deadly pale. She sprang to his side, and clasping his cold, nerveless hand, asked with painful anxiety,

"O, Henry, are you badly wounded?"

At the sound of her voice he opened his eyes and tried to smile, but it was a faint, ghastly smile which told of mortal agony. He feebly pressed her hand, and attempted to speak, but the gurgling blood choked his utterance.

"Bring my mother and the surgeon," she said hurriedly to one of the men who had brought him from the field.

In a few moments Mrs. Carey and the surgeon were by her side. The latter bent down and carefully examined Henry's wound, felt his pulse for a moment, then gently replaced the cold hand upon the bleeding breast. His look was so grave, his manner so tender, that Alice was afraid to hear his opinion, but Mrs. Carey asked tremulously, "Doctor, what is the extent of his injuries?"

"He is dying, madam," was the reply, in a low, solemn tone.

Alice shrieked. This aroused the dying soldier, and looking at her tenderly, he said with difficulty, "Be calm, love; you grieve me."

There was a profound silence of some moments, when he asked to be raised. This was done.—Alice pillowed his head on her bosom and clasped her arms about his cold form. His dying eyes were fixed with a look of unutterable love on her face. She saw the film of death rapidly dimming their splendor, its chill dews fast gathering on the noble brow, but she uttered no word or moan. She would not disturb his last moments with her wailing—there would be time enough for that when he was gone—long, weary years of hopeless weeping.

While she hung in voiceless anguish upon that last, fond, mournful look, a smile of celestial beauty irradiated the pale face, the blue lips unclosed, and the voice she was never to hear again on earth murmured, "All is well—we will meet above," and the dying eyes looked upward to the clear and smiling heavens. There was a gurgling sound, a few faint gasps, and all was over. She knew that he was dead, for she had felt the last, long, shuddering sigh upon which the spirit had taken its flight from its tenement of clay; but she could not speak nor move, and sat pressing the lifeless form convulsively to her heart.

A courier rode up and said to the officer in charge of the ambulance corps,

"The enemy are trying to turn our left flank with a column of infantry, and our men are falling back. Orders are to get the wounded to the rear as fast as possible."

Immediately ambulances were loaded to their fullest capacity, stretchers were taken up and borne rapidly on, and such of the wounded as were able to walk moved forward as expeditiously as possible. The two soldiers who had borne Henry from the field stooped to raise the stretcher on which he lay.

"He is dead," said Mrs. Carey.

"Yes, ma'am, we know it," they replied; "but we would take him back in our lines, where he can be properly buried. If left here, the body will fall into the hands of the enemy."

"Oh! no," she said, "we will take charge of our friend's remains and see them properly interred. He must be buried at my home, which is but a mile distant. I promised his mother, who is far away in Texas, that should he fall during the war, and it was possible to recover the body, I would have it buried beside my own dead, and take care of the grave. If you will be kind enough to take the stretcher into the house, we will watch beside the corpse there until it can be removed."

The continuous roar of small arms, which had rent the air all day, was beginning to slacken, and the cannon only thundered at intervals; but the firing drew nearer and nearer every moment, as the Confederates fell back skirmishing. Along through a narrow strip of forest within a few hundred yards of the house where Mrs. Carey and her daughter had taken refuge, they paused and formed a new line of battle. The enemy soon came up, and a sharp fight ensued. Bullets whistled through the air, and shells and solid shot flew overhead, or crashed through the trees and outbuildings. Mrs. Carey shuddered at the thought of her peril; but Alice sat immovable, with her face bowed upon her hands, seemingly unconscious of it all.

The setting sun darted his red beams through a western window and lighted up the room with a fiery glow. The flash of light on her face aroused her, and looking up she caught sight of the sunset. Instantly her thoughts reverted to that same hour but two days ago, when in the quiet seclusion of her home, amid the soft beauty of the summer evening, she had sat beside her lover, heard the rich tones of his manly voice, looked into his bright, intelligent eye, and watched the motions of his graceful form, so instinct with vigorous life. Now she was again beside him, but the voice was hushed forever, the light of intellect had gone out from the glazed, meaningless eye, and the princely form was cold and rigid in death. She burst into tears, the first she had shed, and mingled her wailing with the roar of battle.

The night came on apace, and under its shadow the Confederates drew off. A portion of the enemy followed in pursuit a short distance, but the larger part bivouacked on the field. A general officer made his headquarters at the house where Henry's corpse lay, and placed a guard around it, so that the occupants were not disturbed. The people of the house, a widow and her three children, occupied an upper room, and Mrs. Carey and her daughter watched alone with their dead.—No torch nor taper lightened their watch—only the pallid moon looked in softly and solemnly upon the strange, sad scene—the bloody form and still, white face of the dead soldier—the grief-stricken maiden, with her delicate robe and even her golden hair stained with her lover's blood, now sitting with clasped hands and rigid face staring vacantly at the white wall, then clinging to the dead body, weeping passionately, sobbing and moaning convulsively—and the grave, sad mother, weeping

silently beside the two, or clasping her daughter to her bosom and soothing her with tender words of of love and sympathy.

The early hours of the night were disturbed by the continuous trampling of hoofs and rattling of sabres, as the main body of the Federal cavalry moved back to the rear. Then, there was unbroken silence until the dawn of day, that strange, weird hour which comes with a keener sense of desolation than any other to the grieving soul.

Soon after dawn, two of Mrs. Carey's men servants came to look after their mistress, and receive her commands. They proffered their services to carry the stretcher and its precious burden to Rose Cottage, and, by the request of their mistress, went to the colonel commanding the regiment picketing in that vicinity to solicit a guard to escort them thither. This was granted, and about sunrise, the mournful procession set off. The rude bier over which a grey blanket had been thrown as a pall, was carried by its sable bearers in front. Alice and her mother followed immediately behind, and the guard brought up the rear.

The country over which they passed, bore the marks of the terrible storm which had just swept over it. Fences were torn down, fields, with their growing crops of young grain, trampled and trodden, and the forests cut and broken by the shower of shells.

Near Rose Cottage they came upon a dead soldier lying immediately in their path. He was shot through the heart, and lay as he had fallen, with one arm thrown out and the head turned slightly aside. His grey jacket was clotted with gore, and a little crimson rivulet had flowed down a slight furrow over which he had fallen. His cheeks were tanned by exposure to sun and storm, but the high forehead over which the dark hair had fallen in disorder, was as white as ivory. His lips were parted, and the glazed eyes looked up unblinkingly at the morning sun, which at its last rising had shone upon his living, breathing form. They paused a moment in reverent pity.

"Somebody's darling" murmured Alice, as she knelt down and tenderly smoothing back the damp hair, imparted a kiss upon the marble brow, letting fall at the same time a warm tear to mingle with the cold drops which nature had already shed there.

When they emerged from the wood, and reached a point from which the Cottage was visible, Mrs. Carey looked eagerly towards the dear roof-tree which had so often welcomed her back after weary absences, and thought with comfort that there she would soon find a quiet refuge, a blessed sanctuary, for her stricken child. Her heart stood still, when, instead of the high pointed roof, she saw only the blue sky. Hurrying past the bier and its bearers, she climbed a little eminence which commanded an unobstructed view, and looked again. Between the tall chimneys was only empty space. Clasping her hands in consternation, she cried out despairingly,

"Oh, Alice, we have no home."

Her daughter looked up slowly, and said listlessly, "They have burnt the house, too."

Just inside the yard they stopped, and Alice had the stretcher placed at the foot of a large catalpa. On that very spot she and her lover had parted less than three days before, and oh! how vividly the sight of it recalled looks and tones now faded and hushed forever. She wept aloud in her anguish; but the voice of memory repeated in tones of music, "How sweet the hope, dear one, that though we should never meet again on earth, we may meet in a better land, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;" and a sweet feeling of consolation stole for a moment through her soul.

Some of the servants had returned during the night, and they came out to meet their mistress, looking wild and frightened. At the sight of Henry's dead body they wept; for in his intercourse with them he had been uniformly kind, polite and generous, and they loved him. Presently a venerable matron touched Mrs. Carey on the shoulder, and pointed silently to the house, or rather the place where it had stood.

"I see," said her mistress—"how did it happen?"

"Well, you know, marm," was the reply, "that all of us went away with you, and didn't git back till near day, and then 'twas all done; but Uncle Jack he was gone to the spring to bring some water to the general, when we all went away, and so got left behind. He saw it, and can tell you all about it."

Mrs. Carey looked inquiringly at Uncle Jack, who thus appealed to, said,

"Well, marm, when I came back and found everybody gone, I didn't know what to do. I thought first I'd run too; but them bustin' things was flyin' so fast I knowed I never could out run 'em in the world, so I jumped in at the kitchen door and tumbled right down in the potato cellar. Thar I staid, with my head stuck in the ground as far as I could git it, for gracious knows how long—it 'peared to me a month, but it couldn't a bin more'n six or eight hours. I never heered such a racket in my life—I thought the whole place would be blown up. Bimeby, the noise sorter stopped, and I poked my head out. Seemed like the fightin' had gone higher up, and wan't so severe. I didn't hear no bullets whistlin' about, and I crept out in the yard. Our men had all gone away, and the Yankees had come back in droves. I heered a mighty noise in the house, and went to see what was the matter. When I got in, I saw some men runnin' about with lighted paper in their hands, settin' the things afire. The bed in your room was blazing, and the smoke came pourin' down the star case. I begged them to put the fire out, and not to burn your house, that you was a lone, widder woman and hadn't even a son to take keer of you; but they cussed me, and said they meant to burn it bekase the rebel sharpshooters had shot at thar men from the win-

dows. Every thing was so dry, the house burnt like tinder. In little moren' a hour the fire had licked it up clean as my hand."

The widow listened silently to this recital, and when it was finished only ejaculated, with a heavy sigh, "Alas! my dear, dear, home."

After some consultation, Uncle Jack, who was a rude carpenter, went off to the barn to construct a coffin, and the other men set to work digging a grave. Alice remained by the corpse, absorbed in her grief and tortured by reminiscences once fond and tender enough, now all turned to bitterness. And Mrs. Carey stood among the ashes on her ruined hearthstone and wept.

The burning of her house, apart from the heavy pecuniary loss, was a severe blow to her. Under its roof her eyes had first opened to the light, and within its walls her merry childhood and happy girlhood had been passed. There the halcyon days of her courtship had glided by like a dream of rapture —there she had stood as a bride at the altar—there first known the holy joys of motherhood.— From its chambers the souls of her beloved parents, her idolized husband and two angel children, had taken their heavenward flight, and they had been to her ever after as sacred as consecrated temples. Its every chamber was so rich in associations that she was never alone within them. The very walls, white and blank to others, were frescoed to her with precious images of forms and scenes they had once reflected. Now, wall and roof, hall and chamber, had vanished in a moment as under the baleful spell of some evil enchanter's wand, and she was left houseless. She bent down, and raking among the ashes of her home, murmured, "And is this all?"

The day wore slowly on. Squads of straggling Yankees from the burial party at the church visited the place, and prowled around the premises; but convinced from the destruction and desolation everywhere visible that there was no booty to be had, they soon went away.

At length, the preparations for the burial were completed. The body was placed in the rough coffin, and the blanket which formed the soldier's winding-sheet strewn with the fairest flowers. The sable bearers took up their burden and bore it gently to the graveyard at the lower end of the garden. Mrs. Carey and Alice walked behind it carrying garlands which they had twined for the grave, and the negroes followed in solemn silence.

The sun was setting when they reached the grave, and as its slanting beams gilded the tops of the cedars beneath whose shade they had prepared the last resting place of her lover, Alice's thoughts again reverted to the scene with which our story opens, and she murmured sadly, "Just three days ago—and oh! what a change!"

When the coffin had been lowered into the grave, Mrs. Carey offered a prayer, and then they commenced filling it up. The hollow rattling of the clods upon the coffin sent a fresh pang to the

heart of the bereaved maiden, who buried her face in her mother's bosom and wept aloud.

When the mound had been shaped they placed their garlands upon it, and turned to go away—*whither!* The mother stood a moment irresolute, then led her heart-broken child to the empty barn, now their only shelter.

Gloomy, miserable days of want and suffering, almost of famine, followed; for the cattle, hogs and poultry had all been killed or carried off, and the provisions extracted from the most secret hiding places, while every growing thing that might have afforded them sustenance had either been devoured or trampled in the dust, so that they were forced to subsist on a little corn which the servants raked up where the Yankees had fed their horses, and boiled or parched.

At length, two weeks after the battle of the 28th, the Federal army, having been repeatedly repulsed along the Cold Harbor line, crossed the James river, and Rose Cottage was again in Confederate lines.

Nearly three years have passed since then—three years of such hopeless toil and grinding poverty, such fierce and incessant battling with famine as none who have not experienced the same can possibly conceive of. At last, over that blasted and desolated region the first faint smile of returning prosperity is beginning to dawn. A few fences are beginning to encircle the long wasted fields, a few cattle now dot the long deserted pastures, and the dismantled and desecrated churches are being repaired and re-occupied.

These three cheerless years have not lifted the shadow from the heart or the countenance of Alice Carey; and as, Sabbath after Sabbath, she sits in her simple mourning dress among the worshippers in the little forest sanctuary near her home, many a pitying glance is directed to her sweet, sad face by those who have heard her melancholy story.

COL. JOSEPH H. DAVIESS, OF KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. M. T. DAVIESS.

THE dust and ashes of more than a half century rest upon the memorials of the subject of this sketch. His advent into the world was during the terrible political convulsions that shook both the old and new world at the close of the last century; just in the thick darkness which preceded the refulgence of this passing age.

In those days the deeds and words of the day were not flashed round the world's circumference ere night-fall, to be blazoned on bulletin boards before sun rise and scattered through dailies broadcast over the land by midday. Reputation was the slow accretion of reports, borne on by weary pilgrims until at some central point they took bulk and shape—but when one rose like a star above the mists and fogs of passion and prejudices, to be the cynosure of all eyes, it was sure to be a star of first magnitude, be its light beneficent or baleful; and yet when one comes to embody the traditions which make chiefly the history of those times, we find them, like the light of the star, intangible.

Nearly all the personal mementoes of Colonel Joseph H. Daviess that remains, are under this roof. A magnificent portrait, a miniature, the gift of her grandfather to Mrs. W. H. Pittman, of Louisville, Kentucky, taken while the dew and freshness of youth lent almost feminine beauty to the face, a piece of jewelry woven of the hair faded to golden brown, from its chestnut gloss and darkness, and a pair of heavy pistols, the originals of those that gleam in the crimson sash of the portrait, said to be the same which Mr. Clay and H. Marshall used when they concluded balls more conclusive than arguments in a political difference. Of the papers of Colonel Daviess which filled two huge old-time office desks, all labeled by himself, I did not find, after careful examination, more than my hands can grasp, worthy to be withheld from the flames. Chiefly the musty antedated briefs and notes of causes, whose movers, like himself, have gone from before earthly judges to higher tribunals. Of those preserved, few are the emanations of his own mind. He kept no copy of his own, save occasional important business letters; and his fancies, opinions and principles can only be gathered from the replies of those with whom he corresponded—comprising nearly all the men of mark, of that day; Washington, Madison, Adams and Henry, and with Thos. Davis, first representative in Congress, from Kentucky, he seemed to have kept up a correspondence, so continuous that it

might furnish a fair chronicle of the times. The letters from Gen. Washington were sent to, and returned from, Mr. Sparks, but never reached us. The Burr papers which were the true object of my search, were missing. My late father-in-law, Captain S. Daviess, was a man of very kind feelings, and tender regard for reputation. Many respectable names, in Kentucky, were implicated in Burr's designs. Captain D. had been appealed to to suppress these papers, he did so, doubtless, in the last days of his life.

There are also some Manuscripts amongst the papers of Col. Daviess on literary and scientific subjects. Whether they are the product of his own, or another's, mind, we cannot say. They have not his signature, are not in his hand-writing, but, as he always kept about him some favorite young friend as a kind of Secretary, it is probable they were copied for him.

There was also in our library a volume on military topics, embodying Col. Daviess's notoriously favorable ideas of a strong central government. I fear this volume perished with the greater part of our library in the flames that consumed our old town home. I read it, and was interested far beyond my expectations in a book purely political, and own in speaking of the future of our government, the mantle of prophecy seemed to have rested on him. From these mementoes and a sheet of notes furnished by his brother, Capt. S. Daviess, I have made this sketch, by request of Gen. D. H. Hill, and if any think it bears close resemblance to other passing biographies they have read, it is because I have several times furnished notes for similar sketches, and I could but furnish the same facts for veritable history.

Joseph Daviess and his wife, Jean Hamilton, parents of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, were at the time of his birth, March 4th, 1774, residents of Bedford county, Virginia. They were both natives of that State, he of Irish extraction, and she of Scotch descent; and the peculiarities of both races were strongly developed in the character of their son. The indomitable energy and cool self-reliance which distinguished the Scot, were his, and the warm heart, free hand and ready kindling sympathies needed not the seal he bore of complexion, and voice to tell the blood of Erin flowed fresh in his veins.

Induced by the prospect of securing a larger inheritance for his children; and lured by the love of adventure, so congenial to the spirits of those days, in 1779, Mr. Daviess left Virginia and swelled the tide of emigration, setting then, as now, Westward.

One incident of their journey is worthy of record, as exhibiting the spirit of the mother to whose forming influence the character of her son was almost wholly committed during the years of his childhood and youth. In crossing the Cumberland River, Mrs. Daviess was thrown from her horse and had her arm broken. The party only halted long enough to bind up the broken

limb, with what rude skill the men of the company possessed. Then they pursued their route, she riding the same spirited horse and carrying a child in her arms the whole way; cheering the spirits of the drooping, and never ceasing her exertions for the comfort of her companions, whenever they stopped for rest and refreshment. They terminated this painful and perilous pilgrimage by locating on a tract of land near the present site of the town of Danville, Boyle county, but then a part of Lincoln county.

Having accommodated his family to the few comforts attainable by early settlers, Mr. Daviess returned to Virginia, leading a horse, for the purpose of bringing out the Presbyterian pastor, under whose charge he had lived in the old State. Thus came to Kentucky, the Rev. Mr. Rice, the first minister of that persuasion, I believe, who ever settled in the State. Mr. Daviess acted as clerk for some time in that gentleman's congregation, but being rather a non-conforming or, perhaps, only a lobby member of that body, Mr. Rice refused the ordinance of baptism to his children; whereupon he declared, with a mixture of mirth and resentment, "That he would neither whistle nor sing for them longer, for it was an unco-Shepherd that would not mark the lambs because the old sheep had gone astray."

Thus unbaptised of Church, and unfettered by Academic rules, the subject of this sketch passed the morning of his days. The incidents that varied the life in his father's family, differed not essentially from the records of every pioneer's household. The summer's sun scorched, and the winter's wind pierced their frail tenement; the day was spent in labor or the chase, and night brought the prowling wolf to terrify their feeble flocks, and the savage Indians to harrass the weary sleepers.

No schools had yet been opened in the country, so that when Joseph H. Daviess had learned from his devoted mother, all the little lore she could impart, had conned over and over the few books they had brought to solace them in their wilderness home, he went forth an ambitious, but unguided, student into the great temple of knowledge, which God hath pillared with his lofty forests and domed with his Eternal Heavens; and there, doubtless, he acquired that lore from which, in after days, he drew his exhaustless illustrations and the magnificent imagery with which he adorned his forensic efforts. Efforts which, in recurring to now, rekindles the waning fire of enthusiasm in the hearts of his younger cotemporaries. Efforts in which one has said, "by the vividness of his descriptive powers he presented scenes of beauty to the eye with almost the magic perfection of pictorial panorama."

Col. Daviess was sent to the first schools which were opened in the settlement; these schools were very poor, being as was common in those times, taught as a resource for living by those who were disqualified by indolence from following the active pursuits

of back-woodsmen, and totally unfitted, by want of education, for the discharge of the duties they assumed. When he had reached his twelfth year, however, a grammar school was commenced in the neighborhood, in the charge of Mr. Worley, a man of respectable scholarship, and under his tuition, Col. Daviess made rapid progress. He was next sent, for eighteen months, to Dr. Brooks, of Fayette county, and afterwards spent a year under the care of Dr. Cubbertson, of Jessamine county. In each of these schools he ranked as a boy of more than ordinary talent, and generally kept the head of his classes. He was a laborious student, and acquired, in these schools, a good reading of Latin, a proficiency in Greek and Mathematics, and as full a course in English branches as those schools afforded. The deficiences of those schools in the last named branches, he remedied as fast as after opportunity offered. He continued a systematic student through life, and in addition to the natural sciences he acquired, unassisted, a fluent reading of French and good theoretical knowledge of Military tactics, Belle Lettres being his recreation. In after years, when circumstances had developed the true forte of his mind, which was unquestionably military, he wrote a letter to the Secretary of War, which was published and pronounced a work of considerable genius and much research. Having exhausted the facilities which the country and his father's means afforded him for education, Col. Daviess returned to the homestead, professedly participating in the rural labors of the family. But, if success in whatever one undertakes, be a necessary mark of greatness, then must we decline that distinction for the theme of our page. Be the truth ever spoken. It was never supposed that the husbandry of Colonel Daviess conduced much to the improvement of his father's homestead, or added much wealth to the patrimonial coffers. A robust constitution and energetic habits seemed to fit him well to contend with the obstacles of early agriculturists, but then he had an errant mind, which expended all its energies in its wanderings after knowledge, and so continually beguiled him from the dull fields of labor. The thousand thrilling stories of the eventful struggle in which the Colonies had just achieved their independence, and the legends of wild warfare which surrounded one as the very atmosphere of the dark and bloody ground, chained him to his mother's side in the morning, and evening's shades would find him, his gentle plough-horse grazing luxuriously on the rich cane by the brook's side, while prone on the felled tree that bridges the stream, the plough-boy would lie, his eye scanning the heavens, his ear drinking the music of sighing wind and rippling water, until night would gather her curtains around him. Presently his imagination, teeming with the stories of the morning, he would pour out to his mute audience of rocks and trees, those stirring strains which, in after years, so moved the more sympathetic hearts of

the human crowd. A family council decided that Joseph's genius did not lie in farming, and as the bar seemed to offer the fairest field for declamation, they decided to devote him to the legal profession,—a decision entirely in accordance with his most ardent wishes. An anecdote illustrative of his proclivity to the bar used to be told by a worthy magistrate of that day, with much glee.

Finding himself benighted on his return from some distant point, where he had been holding court, he concluded to trespass on the hospitality of the first house he should reach. He followed the gleam of light through the thick woods, and found himself at the cabin door of Joseph Daviess. The door was ajar, discovering to his vision, the log heap blazing on the hearth, and the table in the floor covered with the remnants of the evening meal, the children deeply engaged in some serious game as he thought. The old folks were away on a social errand, but the children made him welcome to the best seat, and the best chair their house afforded, and then, with childish eagerness, resumed their sport, entirely forgetful of his presence. A senior brother was placed with due decorum on the bench, the petite damsels converted into grave jurymen, a sturdy sheriff brought up the great house dog charged with theft upon the larder. The trial proceeded with legal ceremony, the prosecuting attorney was heard, and then Joseph loomed forth in a most enthusiastic defence of poor Coaley. This occurred in the childhood of Col. Daviess, but then and there that worthy magistrate made augury of the after fame and success of the defending advocate, not as he said from his success, for poor Coaley was convicted of flagrant misdemeanor, and received at the hands of the sheriff the awarded punishment, but from the earnestness and enthusiasm of the boy speaker, and he lived to see his prediction fulfilled, and indeed to see one by one, all the practitioners of that little court transferred to the bar of Kentucky. Indeed this proclivity to the legal profession seemed scarcely confined to the masculine part of the family. In passing, some years since, a town in Tennessee, on the Mississippi river, a gentleman related to me, all ignorant of any interest I took in the matter, how much, years ago, he had been amused in watching the issue of a legal process in that town. It was a suit of considerable importance in which Mrs. Heiss, eldest sister of Col. Daviess, was interested. She had employed Gen. Jackson to conduct her case, but he failed to come, and had written to some junior member of the bar to act in his place. Dissatisfied with the proceedings of her counsel, Mrs. Heiss rose and asked leave to appear in her own behalf: leave was granted and she conducted the case to a successful termination.

But to return from these digressions. Col. Daviess laid the resolutions of the family council, touching the choice of his profession on the table, by volunteering with his brother Robert in

a company then being raised by Major John Adair, for guarding provisions en route to the forts on the Ohio river. In the fall of 1792, Major Adair, in one of his trips, encamped near Fort Sinclair. During the night they were surprised by some five hundred Indians, who had stolen and tied, at a safe distance, all the horses of the troops, and murdered some ten or fifteen men, before the bewildered party were aroused from their heavy slumbers, and then their efforts were paralyzed by the fear of destroying each other in the dark, while attempting to repel the savages. The dawn of day disclosed their losses and the stealthy foe preparing to retreat with their plunder, Col. Daviess spied his horse in the distance and resolved to risk his recapture against the chances of an ambuscade. He succeeded in gaining his horse, and mounted him amidst the yells of the Indians and the whistling of their bullets; one ball passing through his coat, but drawing it closer around him, he sent back a shout of defiance, and returned to his cheering comrades, he of all that band, sole proprietor of a horse. The disbanding of Maj. Adair's volunteers, in the fall, left Col. Daviess under the necessity of now choosing a profession; accordingly, in the fall of 1792, he commenced the study of Law, under Col. Nicholas, the most eminent lawyer in Kentucky at that time. At the same time with Col. Daviess, and under the same preceptor, Isham Talbot, Felix Grundy, Jesse Bledsoe, John Pope, — Garrard, Thomas D. Owens, James Allen, William Blackburn and James Stuart, studied their profession—all of these were afterwards distinguished in their profession, and many of them were conspicuous and successful in political life.

Col. Nicholas always spoke of Col. Daviess' talents and promise in terms of high praise, and his class-mates fully concurred in this expression of opinion.

In June, 1795, Colonel Daviess commenced the practice of Law, in the bar of Mercer county. In August of the same summer, he made his first appearance in the Court of Appeals, versus his old preceptor, sustained himself with great ability, and gained his cause.

In September, the legislature passed a bill establishing district courts in the State. Danville was a prominent place in one district, and Col. Daviess located there in the same fall. He practized likewise in the Lexington and Bardstown districts, also in the Court of Appeals. The extent of his practice was wide as the range in which land speculators were found distributed in the old States, and never was there a fairer field for the display of legal talent, than in establishing land titles in Kentucky. The conflict between the claims of the occupants and those deriving title from grants from Virginia, involved the title of nearly every farm in Kentucky, and was the source, even to my day, of litigation, alike exhaustive of purse and patience, and entering as an element of bitterness, into the political questions of the times. The wealth of Col.

Daviess, had he lived, must have been enormous; his business papers show conditional claims to millions of acres of land in every part of Kentucky. I remember noticing a single one, from a resident of New York, for 168,000 acres, as the Attorney's share! He continued with all this heavy pressure of business his habits of close, steady, and laborious exercise, generally walking from one court to another, though 50 or 60 miles apart, his horse led by his attendant who traveled on horse-back.

In A. D. 1800, he was appointed United States District Attorney, which appointment he held until 1807.

He removed to Frankfort after receiving this appointment, for the purpose of discharging his duties more conveniently, and while residing there was united in marriage to Miss Marshall, sister of the late Chief Justice of the United States.

It was during Col. Daviess' attorneyship that Col. Burr agitated his mysterious and mischievous designs in Kentucky. Upon what evidence, the writer of this sketch does not know, but Col. Daviess became so impressed with the treasonableness of Burr's designs, that he instituted an action against him in the Federal Court. Witnesses were so scattered, and the difficulty of coercing attendance so great, that the suit was dismissed, and feeling ran high against the prosecution, but a writ for the arrest of Burr, from Washington, soon vindicated his course, and he ever lamented that the arch-traitor had not been brought to justice in the stronghold of his treason, for he did not regard Aaron Burr, as in fact he was not, the representative of a party from whom rights had been withheld, nor on whom wrongs had been inflicted; but simply a disappointed, and unprincipled political aspirant, who was willing for his own personal aggrandizement, or for the gratification of a vindictive spirit, to wrench out the pillars of the political temple that had cost the blood and treasures of '76.

In 1802, he visited Washington city, in the capacity of counselor in the celebrated case of Wilson vs. Mason. Being the first western lawyer who ever appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States, his position attracted much attention, and the ability with which he sustained himself created quite a sensation of mixed surprise and admiration for the young backwoodsman. Many stories are told of his conduct and conversation, by the worthies who constituted the public of our national capital then. For their truth the writer cannot vouch. This appearance in the Supreme Court in his rough, travel-stained garments was from the urgency of his case, not from the affected contempt of the frivolities of dress. Fearing the case had been reached on the docket, he went directly to the court-room just in time to answer the call, and went into trial without a thought about his unseemly apparel. The conception of his character, however, as entertained by the men of his time was in the main just. That he was eccentric was true, but unaf-

fectedly so, no one could doubt, who has ever met the least pretending member of his kindred, so strongly does that characteristic attach to them all. That he possessed uncommon talent exalted by cultivation, is a tradition current amongst the children of his contemporaries derived from their fathers. He combined with these advantages a most striking personal appearance. I take my impression from the portrait now in our parlor, a work perfect in art and always esteemed by persons in the vicinity of our village, a portrait of remarkable fidelity.—He was tall and athletic in person, a rich mass of brown hair shading an expansive brow of most intellectual indications, a complexion of femine delicacy but slightly bronzed by exposure.—The firm grasp of the sword in his right hand and a slight compression of the lips, alone, indicate the indwelling of a warrior spirit.

The dark, deep blue eyes are eloquent of melancholy decision, such an expression as one might wear contemplating a stern deed with unfaltering, but regretful resolution.

His voice was good, his delivery graceful, impressive and peculiar; and his colloquial powers made his society much courted—his manner in society was courteous and kind to those he loved, and he considered no sacrifice too great for a friend, but to those he disliked he was haughty and repulsive in the extreme.

After leaving Washington he visited most of the eastern cities and there contracted many friendships which terminated only with his life.

Returning to Kentucky, he resumed his practice for a short time and then retired to a farm he owned near Owensboro in the county named Daviess for him.—While residing there he received the commission of colonel as aid to the Governor, by which he was ever after distinguished.

Finding that time had no way improved his agricultural skill he returned to the practice of law, locating himself at Lexington, Kentucky—having enjoyed a respite from the toils of his profession three years.

In the fall of 1811, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, he engaged with the ranks of Major General Harrison against the Wabash Indians. November 7th, in the battle of Tippecanoe, in making a forlorn charge which he led at his own request, he received a mortal wound. He lingered through that day and calmly watched the shades of death gathering around him. The next morning, observing that the signs which Dr. Rush mentioned as preceding dissolution were upon him, he ordered his watch to be taken from his person, then composing his limbs, closed his eyes, and passed from this mortal life without a sigh or groan.

Death could never have met him more welcomely than on the battle-field. Yet it came all too early for one whose heart throbbed high with unrealized visions of fame to be won in the cause of Freedom. He had watched the course of the French revolution with deep interest, and had de-

clared his intention, to his intimate friend, the late Hon. John Rowan, when his country should need his services no longer, to offer his sword in the cause of Freedom in the old world, and follow the guidance of his destiny in arms. But the God of battles decreed otherwise. He fell in the full vigor of life, by the hand of savages, and rests with the valiant men who fell by his side, no more proudly now that the marble column of Indiana's gratitude emblazons his name, than he did through the long years beneath the daisy dotted sod.

"When the muffled drum announced the burial of the dead," said one of his comrades, "I wrapped my commander in his buffalo robe, I could not cover his face, for I knew he never slept with it so, and he still had the complexion and beauty of life, all but its warmth, so we laid him down in his grave, the soldiers could not bear to sully that glorious countenance with earth, at length the mound they had thrown up, on the body, fell and shut out forever the face of our chief."

"They carved not a line, they raised not a stone," to mark his resting place, and he hath left no son to inherit his name. Yet, hath he a record in the archives of every Kentuckian's heart who loves to cherish whatever illustrates the annals of his native commonwealth.

Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri have each named a county for him. Indiana, to be sure the name should be individual, called her county Joe Daviess, and within the last decade we were invited to see the rearing of a monument, we know not how durable or imposing, placed to his memory by that State.

LET US HAVE PEACE!

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Strong with the strength of sublime despair,
Out of the depths of the Southern soul,
Surges a wildly passionate prayer,
Like the mighty rush of the ocean's roll.
By our Cause beloved and lost.
By our nation's voiceless woe,

By the cup of triumph tost
From our lips by one fierce blow;
By the spirit-crushing weight
Of the shafts against us hurled,
By our hearth-stones desolate,
By our flag forever furled,
LET US HAVE PEACE!

By the quiet uncomplaint
Which a thousand wrongs has met,
By the vigorous restraint,
Upon fiery passions set;
By the steadfast sense of right,
And the law-abiding hold
Which our manhood's conscious might,
Keep in willing chains controlled;
By the knightly faith maintained
For the plighted word we gave,
By our honor all unstained,
As our simple due we crave,
LET US HAVE PEACE!

By the prowess in the fields
Which our fair-fought battles show;
By the nobleness that yields
Mercy to a noble foe;
By the horror of our doom,
By our high hopes quenched and dead,
By our present thick with gloom,
By the future dark with dread;
By the heaven where warfares cease,
By man's common brotherhood,
For the Saviour Prince of Peace,
For the sake of God and good,
LET US HAVE PEACE!

CONCENTRATIVE IMMIGRATION, THE TRUE POLICY OF THE SOUTH.

Probably the most important civil and human idea which has occupied the American people for the last quarter of a century, has been the subject of Emigration.—The mode of directing the course of that mighty stream of human life which has been pouring its tide, rolling wave after wave from the eastern to the western world, has been the great study of the day. Emigration, the best means of promoting and controlling it, has occupied the Legislatures of the Northern and Western States, has built the long lines of railroad which, uniting near and distant regions, have bound all together by strong bands of iron, and at the same time developed the internal resources of the country.—Emigration has built up American commerce, and the steam marine as well as the larger number of merchant vessels, are principally sustained by the transportation of emigrants—indeed, commercially, it ranks in importance second only to the cotton trade.—Emigration has populated whole States in the Western portion of this country,and developed wealth and resources, vaster than were ever dreamed of by the wisest and most prophetic or poetic of those who thought they saw the mighty future of America. Emigration has, as it were, with the wand of of the genii, caused great cities to spring into sudden and sublime existence—has built Chicago and Milwaukee in the sickly marshes of lake Michigan—a St. Louis on the banks of the turbid Mississippi, a Salt Lake City on the plains of distant Utah, and has caused New York and Philadelphia to increase from tens of thousands to millions of population. Under its influence the prairies grow white with smiling villages, the valleys teem with a fertility produced by the hand of man: the mighty rivers flow no longer silently in solemn grandeur to the all embracing ocean, but their once calm bosoms are ruffled and beaten by the wheels of a thousand laboring steamers, whilst the shrill whistle of the steam engine echoes and reëchoes through the vast swamps and forests which margin their banks.

The immense areas which were and still are to be filled up by this everflowing tide of human life, seem limitless in extent and resources. As the numbers press on, still newer and grander vistas open before them, embracing all which can employ the hand and brain, or gladden the heart of man. A fertile soil bounded by mighty rivers and vast lakes, and intersected by noble streams, a climate healthy, bracing, giving vigor to the frame of youth, strength to manhood, and long life to temperate age—a government kindly and paternal in its dealings with its people, strong and firm in its foreign relations,—what is there which energy and skill, united with capital, can and does not accomplish in this western world? But now another and

and more noble, more inviting prospect is laid before the eye of the emigrant. The veil of the past is lifted and behold the grand and beautiful panorama spread out in these Southern States.

The peculiar system of labor which, under the name of slavery, existed in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Florida, introduced soon after their settlement, by the English, and fostered by the Northern people, has precluded foreign immigration almost entirely. The slave being of a different race, and brought, originally, by English and Yankee traders from a purely savage state, needed for his government, a special and peculiar form of laws and discipline. Their principal value too, consisted in adapting them to the work of the farm and plantation, for which they seemed apt. Thus the Southern States gradually became essentially agricultural, or planting, States: the cultivation and extension of the use of cotton developed and fixed this status, and the Southern people, instead of building large cities, and devoting themselves to trade, manufacture, and the arts, became an agricultural people, dwelling in families and communities, at the most in comparatively small towns. The government of the slaves, more particularly assumed a patriarchal form, and the domestic idea and relations were fully developed. This fact, whilst it produced simplicity of life and manners, refinement of feeling, self-reliance and independence of thought and character, produced also the exclusiveness of pride, and a certain clannishness and peculiarity of manner, thought, and feeling, which was repugnant and distasteful to those without the circle, and emigrants were as unwilling to venture within its charmed limits, as the Southerners were to admit them. In truth, they did not desire them, whether they came from abroad or from the Northern States. Happy at home in the midst of his family of whites and blacks, whom he ruled with a benignant but' firm and equal sway; happy with his friends, and books, and sports; always assured of plenty, even to abundance, surrounded by all the appliances of ease, comfort, and refinement, why should the Southern gentleman desire to parcel out his domain, cut up his broad acres into small farms, for the purpose of building a village for emigrants, or making farms for settlers,—why should he desire, for the sake of a few more dollars, to have his ears assailed by the ceaseless din of a factory, the manners and morals of his family, white and black, contaminated by its operatives. No! whilst the doors of his mansion were never closed to the visitor, or the traveler: whilst his hospitable board was always furnished with abundance for all who would partake: whilst he greeted with the sincerest welcome all who stood upon his threshold: whilst his heart was ever ready to feel for, and his hand to help the poor, the deserving and the struggling, yet the purity of his descent, the integ-

rity of his domain, the preservation of the simplicity, the refinement, the high tone of himself and his descendants, were worth more, a thousand times more, than the possession of the most fabulous wealth: and so he lived on in the midst of his family, his friends and his slaves, a calm, proud, refined, self-reliant, upright, reticent, Southern gentleman, open as the day to his friends and neighbors; exclusive and close as night to all outsiders: a good citizen, a large and punctilious tax-payer, a supporter of law, order, and good government, a lover of virtue, patriotic, intelligent, and brave, he was one of an order of men who make a country's glory and pride.

But with the abolition of slavery, which formed the ground-work of this special character, all this has passed away. The patriarchal or family government no longer exists, the relations of the slaves to their former masters, instead of being one of a domestic and friendly character, has been made one of antagonism and hatred. The war of ideas and principles which culminated (by the aid of foreign emigrants) in the defeat of the Southerner, has, by the incitement and teaching of the Northerner, become a war of races. The slave who, but yesterday, looked upon his white master as his best friend, is now taught to consider, not only him, but all white Southern men as enemies, as said their leader, "there must be a drop of blood shed for every stroke of the whip:" his study and aim now is to drag down and degrade the man who lifted him and his fathers from the state of a savage, and elevated him to that of a Christian man. Freedom, the boon of freedom, which to him means licentiousness, is the idol which he worships, the Moloch before which he bows down; the Yankee is his best friend, although he deals with him as one who would feed an infant on strong food and expect it to live and become, straightway a man. Lincoln is his Saviour, a greater than Jesus Christ, for they say the latter died to set all men free. Lincoln died to free the black man, per se. The former slave therefore labors no more, he and his children must be educated, he must *own* the land which, in years gone by, either he or his slave ancestor cleared for his white master, he must no more perform those menial offices for whites, which he is so well fitted for, but to make a level and bring all things equal, his former master must plough, and dig, and labor, his former mistress cook, and wash, and hoe, whilst he wanders idly about, and his wife sits lazily in her cabin home and indolently turns the spinning wheel, and the children play, and starve, and steal.—Labor as an occupation, a duty is at an end.

The whole system of labor in the Southern States is swept away as completely as the Simoon levels the sands of the desert, and they stand to-day with a population of four millions of laborers, as utterly devoid of labor and the means of securing and controlling it, as the interior of Africa does, with its fervid sun, its fertile soil, and its millions of athletic sava-

ges. Behold the result! the door of entrance to that charmed circle of Southern society which the Southerner kept so carefully closed, with a slave for his Janitor, is now, by the desertion and antagonism of that Janitor, not merely left wide open, but battered down and broken in.—Southern society is, in fact, no more.

The ancestral home must be deserted and torn down, to be built into handsome cottages for future emigrants, the broad paternal acres must be cut up and parcelled out into numerous subdivisions, for farms for a thrifty class of foreigners: the streams must be dammed up,—the watercourses bent, to furnish waterpower for some factory where,

> "Men may scheme, and women spin,
> And the Devil grow fat on money and sin."

Yes, the Southerner has lost all his land,—and this must feed him! but how?—the black man refuses to labor constantly, he must seek, therefore, for a permanent and constant laborer from some other source, and by the offer of premiums and rewards, endeavor to induce the influx of that stream, which has made his Northern conquerors so wealthy, so great and so strong. Therefore, behold the noble panorama of Southern land before your gaze. See its lofty mountains comprising the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge, their sides covered with noble forests, whose roots stretch and spread through a most luxuriant soil, and in whose bosom lie embedded the richest ores, the most valuable coal formations. See resting at their base, or secluded in their nooks smiling, lovely valleys with their fertile soil; or the undulating hills as they roll off like waves, ever decreasing in their volume, covered with the deepest verdure, or capped with the heavily nodding grain, until lost in the level plain, where grows and thrives in the most lavish profusion all fruits and grain and flowers,—everything in short, which can contribute to man's earthly happiness. See those noble rivers, the mighty Mississippi, the Missouri and the Arkansas, the placid Potomac, the sluggish yet fertile Roanoke, Pee Dee and Catawba—the turbid Savannah, James and Alabama—the Rio Grande, the Rappahannock, the Neuse, the Cape Fear, the Cooper, the Ashley and the Red rivers like inland seas, penetrating far into the interior of every State, bringing goods and taking produce to and from every door—their margins bordered by forests, hoary and grand with age—coëval with Time himself—vast in extent, infinite in value. View that whole region of country which extends from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, embracing an area of 800,000 square miles—and consider the diversity of its soil, climate, and productions. In tropical Florida, Texas and Louisiana, one may have in the greatest profusion the varied and luscious fruits of the tropics—the orange and lime, the banana, the zapota and guava—whilst the long staple cotton, and sugar, and potatoes, and the yam, and grain of most kinds grow in abundance. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana,

Arkansas and Texas, embrace the heart of the cotton growing region, where the soil is fertile, the seasons long and favorable, the cultivation easy, and where nothing but labor is wanted for man to realize wealth large enough to gratify even the heart of a Boston trader; whilst the rice fields of South Carolina and Georgia, with labor secure, would bring wealth to the State and country and ample prosperity to the owners. In Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, with a varied and fertile soil and temperate climate, the earth produces in rich abundance, wheat, rye, oats, and all the small grain, and tobacco of the finest quality. Cotton, in certain sections, is a sure and profitable crop, making up in the certainty of its smaller yield for the enormous but uncertain product of the South Western lands when freed from ravages of the worm. The western portion of these States abounds in the richest grasses, affording opportunities for stock raising unequaled in any country on the face of the globe, and requiring only capital and labor to insure success. In all of these States grows and flourishes the native maize, the best and noblest grain which a bountiful God has given to man. From the shores of the dark Potomac to the silvery waters of the Rio Grande, on the banks of the St. John, in Florida, and by the margin of her numerous lakes the tall Indian corn may be seen nodding its golden plume and waving its broad, green leaves to every breeze, and in good time rewarding with its rich returns the labor of the thrifty husbandman.

And in this region, the climate is as various as the soil is diversified. From the snow-capped mountains and ice-bound rivers of Virginia and Tennessee, you may, in a few hours, pass with a regular gradation of temperature, to the balmy breezes and tropical heat and sun of Florida, Texas and Louisiana, and as you pass may see, in the variety of foliage and production, the vast and beneficent influences of climate on vegetation. And the forests and swamps are overgrown with the cypress and gum, the sycamore and tulip, and oaks of every variety, and hickory, and walnut, and elm, and noblest, because most useful of all, the evergreen long-leaf pine, useful in all its parts, from the lowermost end of the tap root which penetrates so deeply into the soil, to the topmost needle of its green spines which wooes each passing breeze: from the innermost core of its resinous heart, to the outermost bark which protects the flow of its life giving sap. These swamps, and forests, and fields, are filled with all kinds of birds and beasts. The bear, and the buffalo, and the elk, and the antelope, roam the vast plains of Texas, and the bear and the panther and the deer wander through the mountains of Virginia. The wild cat, and sometimes the panther, make night hideous through all the southern swamps with their wild, discordant cries. In all may be found in abundance, deer, wild turkey, pheasant, grouse, partridge, water fowl of every description, and all the lesser birds and animals. The domesticated

animals, too, in this region of country, are of the finest breeds and kinds, from the sheep, the small, fat, light cattle, and the light mustang pony of Texas, to the weightier cattle and noble race horse of Virginia. The rivers and lakes and ponds abound in fish of all kinds—the royal sturgeon, the sweet white shad, the solid rock fish, the delicious drum fish, whiting, and trout, the white perch, the salmon, and others whose names would fill a book, all swim and grow fat in these delightful waters; all fit to supply the wants of man.

And then the men and women who dwell in this Southern land and make its society:—how shall I describe them? Already have I tried to portray the Southern gentleman, but how shall I do justice to the women?—what pen *can* do justice to them? It might not be difficult to describe, as abler pens have already done, the graceful form, the dignity of mien and motion, the soft blue eye, or the proud black orb, the rich hazel or the intellectual grey eye,—the heavy flowing tresses, now black as night, now golden as the western sunbeam; the beautiful mouth, every line of which expresses delicacy, purity, and refinement, set with pearls of dazzling whiteness; the straight, well cut nose; the full and dimpled chin and cheek; the noble brow and classic head, set so proudly and gracefully on the well turned neck and shoulders; the rounded bust and white arms; the small, well shaped foot, with its arched instep, and slender ancle:—one might tell of the consummate taste and art displayed in the adornment of this glorious, God given beauty,—one might even venture to speak of the purity of thought, the refinement of feeling, the just and elevated sentiment, the charm of apt, well chosen discourse, the amiable temper, the ardent but correct feeling, the sensitive but brave heart, which all dwell in and distinguish this being so fair! so glorious!—but who—O who shall tell of the truth and true devotion, of the faithful, earnest, constant, and unfaltering love of country, the ardent and unselfish patriotism, (noblest of all virtues,) which these Southern women showed? Yes! when the storm of war lowered heaviest; when disaster, and defeat, and death seemed nearest; when suffering, and sorrow, and sickness seemed greatest, she never wavered or faltered for one instant of time, but her deeds were always heroic and self-sacrificing,—her words were always words of cheer and comfort, making strong the weak hearted, and the brave heart braver. Ah! we may speak with just pride of our brave and noble men—and true heroes they were—we may tell of the privations and sufferings, and the hardships they bore with cheerfulness and courage, but all they did, and all they suffered, when compared with all our Southern women suffered and did, is as the rivulet to the river, the lake to the ocean, the mist to the rain showers. The noblest record of our war is yet to be written, and 'tis to be written, not in the brave deeds and hardships of our men, or in the bold strategy and glo-

rious victories won by our men and generals, but in the true devotion, the heroic, uncomplaining, aye cheerful suffering of our women, in their deeds of mercy and love, in their toil, their watchings, their privations, their fortitude, their staunch patriotism. The pen that does it justice must be heaven-gifted, for in my opinion their virtue, their piety, and their valor are known and will be known to God alone.

Such, feebly described, is the country—and such, more feebly sketched, are the people comprising the Southern land, now thrown open to the occupation of the immigrant. Let us glance for a moment at the various plans which have been proposed to induce immigration, and to fill up the country with that kind of labor which is necessary to its development. The Legislatures of almost all the Southern States have passed acts to encourage and foster immigration—some of them have gone so far as to appoint agents, with salaries, to exercise a kind of superintendence over the matter, to see that immigrants arriving shall not be imposed upon, and to induce their residence upon, and occupation of, lands within their several limits. It is impossible to say what success has attended the various schemes which have been adopted. The military occupation of the country, and the denial of legislation to the several States on the part of the different Generals commanding, have prevented these agents from making any report, but we may form a tolerably accurate judgment as to the result of these efforts from the fact that the cry of the country is still for labor. This cry instead of being diminished goes out with increased force—and we may know that if anything has been done by these agents of the States, it is wholly inadequate to the wants—the great need of the country. As a further evidence of this we see almost daily some scheme proposed, or plan suggested, founded generally upon coöperative principles, whereby to satisfy that demand by immigration. Among others lately observed was one proposed in Petersburg *Index*, suggesting the transfer of lands by large land owners to immigrants on condition of their settling permanently, and binding themselves to improve and cultivate, and also to vote in such manner as the original land owner might direct, or else forfeit their rights and improvements.

It is simply enough, in objection to this, to say that, each of these communities of emigrants would be only a political society, and any politician with a small capital, might buy each of them up, and either cheat the owner of the land into the belief that his votes were secure, or else laugh at him. Other plans have been proposed, equally objectionable and impracticable; in fact, the whole country is on this subject as much at sea, as it is on the question of negro labor;—few sections,—but few *neighbors even*, have similar contracts with their black laborers; and as the question of emigration is closely connected with,—in fact is identical with that of labor, how can we expect more unity of thought and action in the one

than in the other. The truth is one that cannot be blinked, and the sooner it is met and grappled with by the Southern people, the better it will be for them. It is of no avail, and is but a useless waste of time, money, and temper, to undertake any measures, or form any schemes to invite foreign immigration to our shores, so long as the government under which we live is so unstable and so reckless. It cannot be expected that any immigrant of the the most common understanding would, upon landing at any port of America, with a knowledge of the facts before him, hesitate in the choice of a home between Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, or Kansas, with their established, settled, unimpeded free governments, and any of the Southern States, with their Commanding Generals, Freedmen's Bureau, Military Governors, Negro Suffrage, poverty, and heavy taxes! invariably would he choose the former, and there would he establish his household gods. This want, not of a good government, but of any government at all,—this uncertainty, this instability, this military occupation, this difference of color and race, and this constant endeavor on the part of the North to equalize that difference by negro suffrage and social legislation, underlies the whole difficulty of foreign immigration, and that difficulty must continue to exist so long as the cause of it remains. But there are other difficulties which, though less in degree, and not so hard to be overcome, are still important in themselves, and must be removed before foreign emigration can be expected to succeed; one is the question of food. We may bring, at great expense, the foreign emigrant into our midst, but if we expect the Irish, who have been bred and lived on potatoes and milk, or the German, who has eaten all his life but rye bread, and occasionally beef, with beer for his drink, or the Frenchman, who daily eats his brown bread and drinks his vin maigre, or the Scotchman, who lays his lugs into oat parritch and potatoes drowned in milk, or the Englishman, who lives on wheaten bread and beer, with beef for his meat, or the Swede, whose brown bread and cheese is his daily diet, to come to this country and live and be satisfied on corn bread and pork, or fat bacon, with whisky for his tipple, and water alone for his drink, we are egregiously mistaken; and so far as individual enterprise has gone in this direction, the result has proved it to be so: again the houses in which we place them are not suitable for their wants and comfort. A large portion of our Southern plantations are settled with log cabins, many of them mere huts, in which the negro, with his half savage and filthy habits, could and did live comfortably—sleeping and living one half of his time in the open air: but this the emigrant cannot do—the house prepared for his reception is not sufficient for his wants nor suited to his family. Again a change of life and habits, and customs, and occupation, such as that which the foreign emigrant must undergo in

his removal to this southern country—from the cultivation of wheat, rye, oats, turnips, rape, etc., to that of corn, cotton and tobacco, the different climate, the proximity of the negro, and the various other changes too tedious to enumerate, must have a depressing influence for some time to come upon him,—these drawbacks to his advancement, are not easily overcome, and overcome but partially even when they settle in colonies and live as a community. Another obstacle which cannot be overlooked is that of the difference of language which applies to all foreign immigrants, save those from Great Britain. It is impossible to conduct the operations of a farm, so various and so numerous, to any successful issue when the laborers can neither understand nor make themselves understood. Like a ship in a storm having a crew of mixed nationalities each acquainted only with his own language, under an English captain knowing only his native Saxon, she must be a prey to the waves or drift helplessly along, for the want of that mutual understanding which should exist between the governor and the governed. But a difficulty greater than all these, second only to that of bad government, is to be found in the tremendous competition which exists for the possession of the immigrant. What chance has the impoverished Southerner or Southern State Government against that enormous and well organized power and capital which has existed for years? Let a ship load of immigrants land in New York, or let them be collected in the ports of Bremen, or Liverpool, or Cork, or any other port, and not one in a thousand will be got by the Southern agent. Where he has one dollar to spend, his competitors have a hundred. They have more wealth and are more unscrupulous in its use. The State has its agent, the shipping interest has its agent, and the railroad has its agent—all anxious and determined to secure the direction of the stream which is the life blood of each. And in truth they have, from their older and superior organization, in their more settled government, in their more suitable food, in their easier and more perfect transportation, greater inducements to offer than the South can have for long years to come; but, however that may be, if the competition which at present exists be not met and mastered, we might as well attempt, with a force of pigmies—with straws for levers, to prize from its ancient bed some huge boulder, as to overturn and contend successfully against this vast and thoughtfully organized power. Added to all this, the sparse population, the want of education, and the everlasting negro, and you have an array of difficulties hard to conquer, and which can be removed but gradually, and in a long course of years.—Indeed the Southern people must change their habits, their customs and their modes of thought and life: they must themselves study and teach their children foreign languages. They must to a great extent abandon the growth and cultivation of cotton, and turn to a more mixed farming; in short

they must meet the immigrant half way in all these respects before he will come and make his home amongst them. Is the Southerner prepared to do this? If not, he had better not waste his time and money in legislating for and bringing over to this country the foreign immigrant. If he is, then let him at once begin, for even *then* it is a question of time.

Such is the Southern country—such are the Southern people, and such their condition and wants, and such are some of the difficulties which lie in the way of that immigration which is considered necessary to their full development, and their physical and political status in the government under which they live. The question again recurs—how can these difficulties be surmounted, or what plan proposed which will meet the issues of the hour, and make these States as great and independent as they of right ought to be? When we consider that the annual influx of population into the United States, amounting for years back to an average of upwards of half a million, has failed to satisfy the demand—that new and vast areas of territory in the North West lie still untrod by the foot of man—that governments and corporations are pouring out their wealth and constantly exerting their utmost energies to increase the volume of this current—it is futile to expect, vain to hope, that the impoverished and tyrannized South can derive any benefit from this source. It is a common error to suppose that emigration is the result of choice in an overcrowded population in the old countries, or of a dislike of monarchial government, and a desire for that greater freedom which is the vain and unfounded boast of the American people. On the contrary, the efforts to procure immigration is as much a trade as the slave-trade was, or the purchase of stock now is. Agents from the Northern and Western States penetrate the interior of the European States, and by their brilliant offers and pecuniary aid, induce and keep up the vast and steady stream of life which continually flows from the Eastern to the Western world. The South has no part or lot in this matter; and the enormous competition, which will be continued and increase as population increases, and foreign communities grow up in the Western States, will effectually exclude her, for long years to come, from any participation in its benefits. What then is to be done? The four millions of former slaves—now diminished, as is said, by one-fourth of their number—will not labor in such a manner as to be relied on. The black women have been withdrawn by their husbands and fathers almost entirely from the work of producing, and sit idly at home—the children growing up, and able to work as partial laborers, are, by a foolish and mistaken desire for equality, devoted by their parents to a spasmodic and hopeless effort at education.—Great numbers of the men, able and accustomed to labor, throng to the cities and sea-shore, where continuous labor can be avoided, and a precarious existence eked out by job-work and fish, and the

actual number of black laborers in the Southern fields at this moment is not more than half a million—and these all most unreliable and uncertain. Vast areas of Southern land are consequently thrown out of cultivation, and now growing up with old-field pine, and bushes and reeds of every description. Large tracts of the most fertile land are being abandoned, and the country is steadily and surely retrograding, becoming annually more and more impoverished, whilst the follies of an ignorant and unprincipled government lay heavier burdens of taxation upon the people, in a ratio corresponding with their inability to pay them.

With the loss of wealth and prosperity, go that refinement and polish which distinguish the people, a sense of dependence engenders all the lower vices, the manners of the people become rude, their language coarse, their morals lax and tainted. Vast numbers of Southerners, seeing the growth of this state of things, which they are powerless to prevent or even check, eagerly long to leave home and country and all the dear old associations which cling around their beloved land, and seek, on some foreign shore, new ties and new interests. The young men pine for that freedom which they nobly fought for, but overwhelmed by numbers failed to win. They see their mothers and sisters reduced to a comparative servitude, and forced to do for themselves those menial offices which their slaves were accustomed to perform, or else daily and hourly subjected to the insolent airs of some negro hireling, who has been taught a hideous equality by Yankee levelers,—forced to see sights and to hear words which cause their hearts to burn with indignation, and which, from the dominating military power, they can neither prevent nor punish lest it entail upon those they love greater evils, in the malice of a studied and petty malignity. They resolve, therefore, to fly scenes so hateful to them, and seek, on the wide plains of California, or Australia, or under the hot suns of Brazil, or even under the changeful government of Mexico, a home where they can build and live in greater freedom, and altogether lose sight of that ruin and wreck which has slowly but surely fallen upon their people.

Alas! it is a dreadful picture—the utter annihilation of one of the noblest social structures which the world has ever seen; the complete ruin which has overwhelmed an entire people and country. But is there no remedy—no escape from this misery and destruction? In my judgment there is a sure escape, and at the same time a noble retrieval. Let the Southern people, as a mass, as *one people*, resolve and act while they speak thus, "We are now a population of eight millions—scattered over a vast area of territory, embracing in its extent 800,000 square miles, or one inhabitant to every ten square miles. If we remain as we are, scattered and divided, with some times opposing interests as different States, in contact with, and subordinate to, the now insolent and preponderating

black, we must gradually and inevitably sink lower and lower in the social and moral state. We are now a people homogeneous in feeling, one in thought and purpose and action, let us come together and make of ourselves one people—instead of scattering ourselves over ten States let us populate three or four. Let us take possession of that temperate zone comprised in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky: we will occupy the land, here will we build our homes, here together will we preserve our old society, and still maintain in ourselves and children, that refinement and purity, that high-toned love of virtue and honor which we have inherited from our forefathers. With our eight millions thrown into those four States, we can develop all their grand internal resources. The valleys shall stand thick with corn, the hills and mountains shall be clad with the richest verdure, the rivers shall flow no longer silent to the sea, but the ponderous stroke of the steamer's wheel shall beat their tide—the clatter of the mill and the hum of the factory shall be heard along their shores, and every hill and valley shall reverberate with the song of joyous labor. We will bind the mountains to the seaboard, with the strong bands of innumerable railroads, and the scream of the steam whistle shall echo through our whole land. We will dig iron and lead, copper, gold and coal, out of the bowels of the mountains; our well cultivated lands shall bring forth food in rich abundance for man and beast; our cattle shall graze on our ten thousand hills; we will pour our surplus products into the lap of Europe, and the bloated North; we will grow strong and rich and great on the wealth they bring. We will have our own State Governments as the Northern people have theirs; our Legislatures shall be composed of white men, and give us good laws—laws which shall protect all in the enjoyment of their labors and the security of life, limb and property, and we will either elbow out the idle and ignorant negro or make him labor as a man should labor."

Is this an impossible or an impracticable scheme? It ought not to be. It is not, if the millions of Southerners now crumbling, as it were, to ruin, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and Florida, a prey to idle negroes, Freedmen's Bureau, military chiefs, government taxes, and sure destruction, would determine to abandon these saddened, desolate homes, take up their household gods and altogether migrate to, and settle these other States.—There is nothing in the plan which is not feasible. They would come amongst *brethren* who would welcome them with open arms, and aid them in every way, while they built up for themselves new homes and hearths. If the way seem long and weary let them remember that they do but retrace the steps of their fathers, who in years long gone by left these same old States and carried their energy and activity to these

homes which they in turn now abandon. 'Tis but a return to their old ancestral homes where still lie the graves of their forefathers!

A transfusion of the young blood and vigor of their own descendants into the life of these older communities, would be a sublime revivification, unparalleled in the history of the world.

But if the *great mass* of the Southern people can not, or will not, consent to leave their present homes to fill up and settle these four middle States, a large number of the young men, and others with families, who are more anxious to leave home and seek their fortunes in some foreign land, might be induced to migrate to these States and make for themselves and mothers and sisters and wives, homes. Let them come all together; let them plant, and work, and cultivate, and soon they will be strong in their numbers, will make their own laws, have their own State governments, and ere long sit under their own vine and fig tree, and no man shall make them afraid.

Let these middle States seek these free citizens, and not invite or desire foreign immigration; let them not go to Bremen, or Cork, or Liverpool, or Holland, or elsewhere, in Europe, in search of labor, but go to South Carolina, to Georgia, to Louisiana, and Mississippi, and Alabama, and Arkansas, and Texas, and Florida, and call the old men with their wives, and daughters, and their wisdom: the young men, with their energy and courage, to come! to leave behind the wreck of past hopes, the crumbling ruins of devastated homes, to come with all their household gods, to sell their lands, or leave them to some future civilization; to come with strong faith, high purpose, and lofty energy, and noble fortitude, and stern determination, among a people like themselves in every respect, whose similar faith and purpose, and principle, have been illustrated and proved by the dread sufferings of war, and devotion to a holy cause, and cemented by the mingling of blood: to come and live and labor, and be one people with them, heirs of the same heritage of defeat and disaster, but out of which, they will, together organize future victory.

The best and surest way to secure this immigration, is for the respective Legislatures in the middle States to appoint agents to visit and remain in the several Southern States, and endeavor, by every means, to gain immigrants, to offer premiums, to give sections of land, and appropriate money to aid those who would come. Capitalists and landholders should form companies, and also appoint agents, as also railroad companies, and agricultural societies, to go to these States and represent the advantages, physical, social, and moral, and political, which would result from such immigration: they too should offer tracts of land, on fair and moderate terms, to immigrants, and aid them for a few years by the loan of money to enable them to settle and thrive.

Every immigrant from one of these Southern States well settled,

would be soon followed by others, and we would soon have a population of brave, hard-working men, accustomed to our laws and institutions, speaking the same language, used to the same diet and mode of life, understanding the cultivation of our most important crops, and interested in maintaining the supremacy of the white man.

Let this view, then, of concentration by immigration be seriously urged upon the people of the South, urged with energy and zeal, and we will soon rebuild this shattered temple of Southern society, we will rise resplendent from the ashes of our former greatness, and be a people with our own laws and State Governments, our own habits and customs and modes of life untrammelled, occupying a land which we will cause to smile and blossom as the rose: in which we will grow strong, and rich, and great, and where we can leave our children the enjoyment of a rich heritage of wealth, and virtue, and happiness, and honor.

P. M. E.

MY KNAPSACK.

MY FIRST DAY'S SOLDIERING.

Groups on the street corners—groups around the armories—groups on the public square—crowds of people with earnest countenances, hurrying to and fro—drums beating the assembly—excitement inside and out of every house, in the city of St. Louis, on the 6th of May, 1861.

"*Coming events cast their shadows before.*"

And what event approaches, casting this long line of military forms, on Washington Avenue? What's coming to create such a heaving of society as now disturbs the peace of our city? Why, it's only secession! Bah! it's *revolution.* It's the reverberations of the signal gun on the walls of Sumter, that rumbles through every household; shattering loose every tie of blood and friendship; casting fathers on this side and sons on that; and which make mothers stare wildly at the increasing gulf of vengeance, that is now separating those her love and duty have vainly striven to bind together. But, pish! on this moralizing. Who can do it with the sounds of the "spirit-stirring drum, and the ear-piercing fife" passing through your brain? Not I! So, here's for a dashing sweep of revolution—and the "big wars that make ambition, virtue," but which glorifies or damns revolutions, as success or failure attends them.

Now, adieu my palette and pencil! Rest you in the corner, my maulstick and easel! Now, for my grey blouse, blue pants and

Continental hat. So! Now, my musket. So! "Fall into ranks." So! "Steady." So! "Dress up on the left." "What does he mean, my friend." "*Shure the Cap'n manes to come out on a line with Corp'ral Powers.*" So! "'Front!' 'Right Face!' 'Forward!' 'March!'—Tramp, tramp! through many a winding street. Tramp, tramp! through crowds of admiring citizens. Tramping, tramping! to '*The Girl I Left Behind Me*'—Aye! but the girls must be left behind. They crowd along the side walks; keeping opposite the 'files' where their sweet-hearts are proudly 'lefting' it. That's spunk! I do like it so much better, than when it says—'No, Sir, I wont.'"

"Mind the step in that last file." Who the deuce can! with those cambric 'kerchiefs waving from windows, doors and house-tops; and kissing of white hands from behind Venetian blinds, and smiles of encouragement which makes a fellow hug his musket to his breast, and—wish, it was'nt a musket.

"Head of column to the left!" "What does he mean, my friend?" "*Shure, he manes for the boys in front to turn up Olive Street.*"—Tramp, tramp! up Olive-street. Tramp, tramp! through clouds of dust. Tramp, tramp! into Lindel's Grove. Tramping, tramping! to the air of Dixie. Goodness, what cheers! Tramping, tramping! to the "Color line.' 'Halt!' 'Front!' 'Order, arms!' 'Count off!' 'Stack arms!' 'Break ranks!' Whoop! hurrah! a rush to the sutlers. What foaming *lager*. How much stronger the third is, than the first. Smack! Now, for unloading of wagons, pitching of tents, tightening of ropes, supper on the green sward. 'Tattoo'—'taps.' Silence and darkness all round. How fatigued—welcome sleep—good-night civil life.

"*Camp Jackson.*"

Holiday soldiering is mighty pleasant. Whilst in Camp Jackson we were kept well at our 'facings' by our officers, and sumptuously at our feastings by our sweet-hearts, who thronged the camp every day from the city. We learned fast—both the instructions in 'Hardee,' and the promptings from Cupid. It's wonderful, the sympathy between soldiering and love. It all comes, I believe, from the 'manual of arms;' the only difference is 'Once In Three Motions,'—and *one* every motion.

The force in camp numbered about 800 men, in two regiments, the 1st commanded by Colonel George Knapp, and the 2nd by Col. Jno. S. Bowen—the *peerless* Bowen! the whole commanded by Brig. Gen. D. M. Frost.

Our first excitement in camp was a call for volunteers from each company, to go under command of Capt. Joe Kelly—the very head and front of a soldier—for the important purpose of secretly taking and guarding a large supply of ammunition, by steamers from St. Louis to the capital of the State. The enthusiasm of the boys brought out double the number called for, and the judgment of Capt. Joe sent back to camp the worse half of the volunteers—and myself along with them—

which I always looked upon as an oversight.

In the train of this excitement, came that of the entering into camp, from the South West expedition, of "Jackson's Battery," and a company of cavalry, commanded by the chivalrous Emmit McDonald—even at that early day we, "the walking companies," began our jokes on the cavalry. Their very appearance was suggestive of a joke. The troopers were covered thick with dust and hair, and the *lining* of their outer garments, and the steeds were covered with dust and hide—only.

In telling to the world the incidents of Camp Jackson I must not, in justice to myself, forget to say that one bright morning I was promoted to Sentinel No. 4. I thought all that morning there wasn't a more important a personage (except the General) in the whole camp, than Sentinel No. 4.

I remained in that blissful state of mind up to noon, when two of my *own* countrywomen, who for some time before, stood near by loudly whispering such exclamations as—"Oh! then, what a purty soger he makes." "Mussha! don't he howld his head up, and look—how straight he carries his gun—I guess, Mary, he's a cap-tin." After pronouncing me 'captin' they crossed the forbidden line into camp. In return for their admiration of me, I was about to let them pass, when I espied the captain of the Guard watching me; then I called out in a bold, soldierlike voice: "You women! cross out again—get back!" My astonished admirers passed me, and one did cry, "oh! thin, how grand we are, with our three cornered cocked hat, and our rusty owld carbine;" and the other—"Mussha! bad luck to yer impedence. 'Ye wimmim'—we are just as good ladies as yerself." All that afternoon I thought Nos. 3 and 5 about as important personages as Sentinel No. 4.

Towards evening of this day (9th) rumors began floating through camp that Capt. Lyon, U. S. Army, and Frank Blair, with a large force of 'Home Guards' and 'Regulars' were to attack us that night. With night came thunder and heavy rain.—The sentinels were doubled; each man receiving eleven rounds of ammunition and strict orders.—Besides these, I received a flask of brandy from a friend at the guard house, which, after a consultation with Nos. 3 and 5, I hid in a forked tree on my beat, till after 'taps.'

The thunder and rain kept increasing till midnight, and the darkness was so dense that I as often found myself walking at right angles to my beat as on it—and halting suddenly in front of a tree, taking it to be somebody without the countersign. But neither the thunder, rain nor darkness troubled the minds of Nos. 3, 4 and 5 quite as much as did the whereabouts of the forked tree, which seemed to have disappeared with the precious flask. After the 'Grand Rounds' we set about in earnest in search of the forked tree; and soon I heard No. 5 challenge me in a whisper (according to orders) "No. 4, I have it,"

and I answered, in a whisper, "No. 5, come on"—and we two met, presented *our* arms, and each took a long pull, and calculated there were three good pulls for each of us three. But when No. 3 got hold of the flask, he calculated differently. Before morning I found out his calculation was to hold on to it. I challenged him every five minutes, but never received an answer.

Next morning at 'Relief Guard,' when No. 3 was ordered to 'fall in the rear,' he kept wheeling about till he fell into a ditch, and was carried to the guard house. Peace to his ashes! he fell into his last ditch at Franklin.

The morning of the 10th brought with it sunshine and 8,000 Home Guards and Regulars, commanded by Lyon and Blair; and we, the 800, were marched out of Camp Jackson prisoners of war. An amusing incident of the capture, was, when we first found ourselves surrounded, we rushed for our muskets and ammunition, and quickly formed on the color-line. But a company of stalwart Irishmen, that had no muskets, quickly armed themselves with huge sticks, rolled up their sleeves, formed on our right, looking defiance at the column of Dutch formed within 500 yards of us. The impetuous Irishmen were as much in earnest with their shillalahs, as were the others with their muskets.

The event of "Black Friday" is so well known to every man, woman and child in the land, that I'll not relate it here—and with the additional sentence—that, next day we were paroled, and disbanded by a thrilling speech from Bowen,—I'll strap down my knapsack and be ready for inspection next month.

THE LAST KING OF THE QUAPAWS.

THOUGH *your magazine* is devoted mainly to portraying scenes and incidents in the late contest for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in our now conquered territory, facts that go to point and adorn the pages of the future history to be written of the giant struggle that has terminated the life of the land we love, yet you may not be averse to engrave on its ever-living pages a record of other heroic deeds, enacted on this same stage, but by a hero who passed to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers long before the pale-faces imbrued their hands in fratricidal blood.

Taking it for granted that not alone do the deeds of the heroes of the "jacket so grey," find an echo from the pages of *our book* to the hearts of its people, but that even the aboriginal hero may share in the memory of departed glories, we give one or two inci-

dents in the life of the last sovereign that held sway in Arkansas.

These facts are not drawn from the imagination of the writer, but occurring only two generations since, can be attested by a number of our French creole citizens, (grand-children of the actors in the scene to be described) who, like their predecessors, seem fading out of our land with the advance of uncongenial civilization.

During the last century, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago, was established the old Spanish fort on the first high lands that border the Arkansas river, about sixty miles above its mouth. The fort was built with the two-fold object of establishing and protecting the trading post attached, and to more fully secure the government claim to the territory from French encroachments from the upper Mississippi and the Illinois country. The vestiges of this fort can now be only doubtfully traced, but the village, subsequently the territorial capital of Arkansas, still bears the name of "Post" from its former military occupancy.

One tribe of Indians, the Quapaws, occupied three principal villages (now extensive cotton plantations) on the south side of the river, the fort being on the north and near the south-western extremity of the Grand Prairie that stretches its sterile length half across the State. It was the boast of this tribe that they had "never shed a white man's blood," and their uninterrupted friendship long outlasted the mild rule of their Andalusian neighbors. The Quapaws readily assimilated with the whites, and learned to even excel them in the use of their own *fire-weapon*, and while the braves supplied the fort with wild meat and furs, the squaws kept up a brisk trade in hominy corn, beans and pumpkins. Though habitually a quiet and non-aggressive people, yet there had been for many years a bitter feud between them and the more savage nomad tribe of the Osages who hunted upon the upper or western part of the prairie. Fearing the sudden inroads of this savage tribe, there was a league (not the *red* league) of mutual defence and protection between the Spaniards and their red friends against the common enemy. The signal for danger threatening the "Post" was the firing of a cannon from the fort, when the Quapaws, who then numbered a thousand warriors, would rush to the aid of their beleaguered allies.

On the occasion referred to, the dreaded fresh-water pirate and robber, Clary, had taken advantage of the Indian summer, or autumn season, when the whites and Indians were off on their annual buffalo hunt high up on the prairie, to attack the defenceless Post. Ascending the Arkansas river in four large pirogues, he landed two miles below the fort, and at sun-rise marched his band of forty ruffians to attack the fort, and his approach was not discovered until he was in the village.

Don Carlos de Villemont, governor of the territory, had, some weeks previous, been ordered to New Orleans on business con-

nected with his office; he had not yet returned, though his family were anxiously anticipating his arrival.

No danger to the Post being anticipated from this direction, Clary found an easy prey, as there were only women and children to contest his entrance. A negro was thoughtful enough to fire the signal gun, but the frightened inhabitants could hope for no succor when they knew that their natural protectors and their tried and true friends were far beyond the reach of the echo of that loud-pealing gun. Clary, of course, sacked the fort and pillaged the town that surrounded it, treated the inhabitants with the greatest indignities; burning and destroying all plunder that he could not carry off. After spending some hours in the ill-starred town, his robber-crew retraced their way back to their boats, laden with booty. But Clary, not content with the spoils already secured, and knowing the heavy ransom that he could exact from the wealthy old Don, tore the ten year old daughter of Don Carlos from the arms of her agonized mother, and bore his shrieking captive after the receding gang of desperadoes.

There was the ear of one friend that the startling boom of that single cannon reached—one brave heart that bounded responsive to that one loud call for aid. At the time his tribe left for the hunt, their chief, old Sarasa, (pronounced Sar-a-saw,) was too unwell to accompany them, and at the time of the alarm, was the sole warrior left in his village. Yet, the brave old knight, though he must have deemed that Wild-cat and his Osage horde were then howling around the ill fated fort, hesitated not an instant, but seizing his rifle and tom-a-hawk, started to its relief—alone. He crossed the river and reached the fort an hour after Clary and his gang had left. He was at once surrounded by wailing women, each with her accumulated tale of insult, outrage and plunder; while *Clary's* hated name was on every lip—Clary! the ingrate who had but two Springs before, fought by his side against the Osages, and had been the welcome guest at Don Carlos' hospitable board.—The old man's form trembled with suppressed passion. And when the beautiful Donna Clara clung to him, and weeping, begged of him her child—Don Carlos' child—his stoical Indian impassiveness gave way. The child of his sworn friend in the hands of this robber gang; perhaps brained against a tree to suppress her cries! And he had sworn to Don Carlos that his wife and child should be under his special protection during his absence, and that he would be answerable with his life for their safety. Shaking the unmanly tears from eyes never before moistened, with a wild howl like a blood-hound, he started off on the track of the marauders.

Clary had, meanwhile, reached his boats, and with more delicacy than would have been credited to the desperado, who, during the past year, had made the "father of waters" ring with the story of his desperate daring, and his

ruthless murders, he had soothed the little maiden with strange tenderness of voice and manner and then placed her in the further end of his own boat and left her, to join in the drunken revel of his crew, who, elated with their bloodless victory, and the rich booty that lay piled around them, were swilling the Teneriffe and Oporto wines from the cellar of "the old Spaniard," and shouting ribald songs in the wild abandon of the hour.

But suddenly the song was hushed upon the lip—the cup stayed midway to the mouth—each ruffian form seemed stiffened as by a Medusa glance.

A stalwart form, that the leader and many in that band knew only too well, strode from the neighboring thicket, armed only with upraised tom-a-hawk, and passing through the very midst of the awe-struck band, without a glance on either hand, the eagle-eyed chief passed to the boat in which was seated Don Carlos' child, then giving the wild, long war-whoop of his tribe, he buried his hatchet to the handle in the prow of the pirogue, and gathering the little Inez in his arms, stalked back as he came through the paralyzed gang, and disappeared in the dense jungle.

As the form of the warrior disappeared, Clary sprung to his feet with the cry of, "*Sarasa!* Sarasa!" upon his lips, while his guilty imagination peopled the neighboring forest with the thousand braves that followed the lead of the dreaded chief. He deemed each second would ring with the crack of a thousand rifles, that waited only to speak until the child was placed beyond danger. The dauntless act of one man had struck terror to the hearts of half a hundred.

Clary and his entire gang sprang into their boats and hastily pushing off from a shore that might deal out to them wholesale death at any instant, swiftly darted down the river, leaving the larger part of their booty strewn upon the shore.

Did ever ancient or modern hero, of Grecian Phalanx, or Roman Legion, or Knights of Arthur's "table round," or Napoleon's "Old Guard," or any wearer of *grey* or *blue* jacket of later times, do deed more worthy to be emblazoned on the scroll of fame, than this untaught, uncivilized son of the forest?

We may add here, by way of explanation, that the event described above happened about the close of the last century. And though the term "Spaniards" is used in connection with the then inhabitants of the Post, yet this is only intended to designate the Spanish supremacy in the territory, for the inhabitants at that time, and previously, were almost exclusively French or of French descent. De Villemont's wife was creole French, and many of his grand-children, as well as those of his immediate successor, (De Valliere, governor under the short French rule,) yet live in the vicinity.

I am tempted to give one other incident, of the many that tradition has handed down, of the chivalric deeds of this "noblest Roman of them all." The time

designated is some years prior to the former, when age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, nor weakened the warrior's arm.

Sarasa, wishing to put an end, by some decisive act, to the long standing feud with the Osages that was each year lessening the number of his tribe, sent a challenge to the Osage chiefs, proposing that the head chief of each tribe should select fifty warriors and meeting, by a fair fight with rifles, decide the long contested right to the buffalo hunting grounds.

The challenge was accepted, and each chief took, for his tribe, a solemn vow, in the presence of the Great Spirit, to abide by the issue of the contest.

This strange duel was fought on the tongue of land on which the town of Napoleon now stands, at the mouth of the Arkansas river. Each party were armed with rifles, and were the picked men of their respective tribes. They tossed up for position and the deadly fight commenced; not, perhaps, according to modern tactics; a loud huzza, a charge, a single volley and a rout, but in skirmish or bush-whacker style, each individual fighting "on his own hook:" from behind trees or logs would come the white puff of smoke, and the sharp crack of the deadly rifle would tell that some unwary enemy had exposed himself as a target for his lynx-eyed adversary. This style of combat necessarily prolonged the result, and seemingly could end but with extermination of one or the other party, as neither could judge of its own loss except by the lessening of its ringing shots. The Osages fired with greater rapidity and without the cool deliberation and telling effect of the Quapaws. After the fight had progressed for about an hour, the firing ceased on the part of the Osages, and a flag of truce was raised. Sarasa at once ordered his men to suspend hostilities, and the two chiefs advanced to meet each other on half-way grounds. Wahalla, on the part of the Osages, announced his willingness to continue the fight, but said that his young men had expended all their powder. Sarasa caused all his men to come forward, had two blankets spread upon the ground and all the powder-horns emptied into two piles; then he requested the Osage to take choice, which being done, they resumed their places and the fight was renewed. Again the Osages, by their rapid and indiscriminate firing, exhausted their ammunition, and again their magnanimous adversary made an equal division.—Driven back step by step until having reached the bank of the river they could retire no farther; Wahalla being killed, the wounded and bleeding remnant of the Osages, surrendered to the victor, who aided in caring for their wounded, and though in accordance with Indian warfare, the lives of the survivors were forfeited, Sarasa released them with only the renewal of the pledge that they would abide by the former conditions of the conflict. But many an after fight between the tribes proved the treacherous perfidy of an Osage oath.

The parents of the writer immigrated to Arkansas more than

forty years ago, at a date subsequent to the purchase of the territory of Louisiana, from the French government, but a year or two prior to the extinguishment of the Indian title to the Arkansas lands. They obtained permission from *King* Sarasa to locate on his lands. Sarasa was, at this time, quite old, but, as the writer's mother adds: "His figure was erect, and his bearing that of one of nature's noblemen. I have always thought that I had never seen a countenance more expressive of true nobility of character, and one would not be in his presence without being impressed with this idea. He died a year or two previous to the removal of his tribe, by the United States authorities, and was buried on the place where I now live, then one of the villages of his tribe. I well remember when his tribe were about to take up their sad march to the far West, they nightly met around his grave, and with the piteous wail of '*Oh! chief come! Oh! chief come!*' they invoked his spirit to accompany then on their forced pilgrimage toward the setting sun."

The writer's memory extends only back to a time when the Indians (Quapaws and Choctaws,) were no longer owners of the lands, yet roving bands were for years encamped around our fields, and he can truly say for them, that they were the most scrupulously truthful and honest people it has ever been his lot to live among. There never was an ear of corn, pumpkin or peach, taken without permission, though they were often suffering for the necessaries of life. Would that the same could be said for the "*free and accepted voters*" that now work upon the lands, once owned by our true and tried friends, the peaceful, inoffensive, yet brave and honorable people, who were considered too *degraded* for association with the whites, and also too *ignorant* to be allowed the elective franchise, and have consequently been removed from their once happy homes, and forced to live upon lands arbitrarily set apart for them by their self-constituted guardians.

ABOUT BIRDS.

EVERY body knows what a bird is, and most persons are even able to distinguish (within certain limits) one bird from another. But if we attempt to go beyond this, we find the depth of popular ignorance upon so familiar and useful a subject to be perfectly astonishing. Books relating to Ornithology, indeed, are very rare, except such as are far too expensive for general reading, or too cursory and incorrect to furnish any reliable and practical information; but birds, in great variety, are common enough, both in city and country, to afford ample opportunity to all, to study in some degree, by personal observation, their distinctive characters and peculiar habits, and there are few more delightful, and at the same time useful, ways of occupying the mind during its hours of relaxation. It is true, there is a difference of opinion about this. Many persons think that a man may be far better employed than in watching birds, and affect to regard a taste for Natural History, in any of its departments, as an indication of an impractical and visionary mind. Such were the views of Lord Chesterfield, for instance, who warns his son against wasting time in the pursuit of such trifling "gimcrack" investigations; and yet, where does Lord Chesterfield stand, for all his knowledge of the world and its ways, when compared with a Linnæus, a Cuvier, or an Audubon? The fact is, that animated nature has ever presented a field of research, most attractive to the greatest intellects, and especially that department of it, now under consideration; the charming plumage, the exquisite musical powers, the wonderful instincts, and the great utility to man, of the denizens of the air, have always made them favorite objects of observation and study to those who feel themselves capable of appreciating the beauties and the marvels of creation. Solomon, the wisest of men, "spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also, of beasts and of *fowl*;" and a Greater than Solomon thought it profitable for us to "consider the ravens," and "behold the fowls of the air." Poets of old were wont to draw their inspiration from the song of the nightingale and the eagle's powerful wing, and few in our own day have penned sweeter verses than Bryant's "Lines to a Waterfowl," or conceived a bolder and more expressive comparison than that in which he suggests to us the age of the hoary oaks,

> —"The century-living crow
> Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died."

All men, indeed, whether they acknowledge it or not, have a strong taste for Zoology, which caterers of public amusements have acknowledged, by uniting to every Circus-Exhibition a Menag-

erie of some sort or other. Crowds of people will gather around an eagle or an owl tied to a lamp-post, or stand gazing into a bird-fancier's window, while an aerolite or a strange fossil bone would not collect a corporal's guard.—Now it is just to a little exhibition of this character that the public are respectfully invited in this article. I am not going to bore them with details of geographical distribution, and generic or specific differences based upon the comparative length of tail-feathers, the number of toes, or the size and shape of upper and lower mandibles. I am just going to have a pleasant little familiar chat with anybody who will do me the favor to listen, about the looks and ways of birds in general and particularly of those well-known varieties which sing and flit among our shrubberies, meet us in all our excursions through the woods, or spread terror and destruction among our domestic poultry. As it will be a rambling sort of talk, no particular method or arrangement will be necessary, and I shall, therefore, begin with a word or two concerning that ghostly musician who is now, near midnight though it be, regaling my ears with his mournful, yet not unpleasing complaint, from every quarter of the moonlit woods without.

Everybody has heard the monotonous song of the "Chuck-Will's-Widow," or of his more mercurial cousin, the "Whip-Poor-Will," but very few have ever had the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance with either of them. They are the very gipsies of the feathered race, keeping in close concealment all the day, and coming out from their retreats in decayed logs and tree-hollows, only when the veil of night is drawn across the sky. These birds are only summer visitors with us, arriving in this latitude (33½ deg. N.) about the middle of April.—The Whip-Poor-Will comes a week before his larger relative, but as he spends his summer farther north we hear him only for a night or two, as he stops to refresh himself between the stages of his weary journey. Frequently, as the evening air is ringing with his rapidly-repeated notes, some strong-winged Chuck-Will-ow, who is out on picket-duty in front of the advancing army of his fellows, sounds his solitary call; the next evening not a Whip-Poor-Will is to be heard, while hundreds of the new-comers are congratulating each other on every side upon the termination of their fatiguing march. These birds, together with their congener, the Night-Hawk, or "Bull-bat" are members of the family of *Caprimulginæ* or Goat-suckers. Their huge mouths, however, were not designed to aid in any such thieving propensities as this slanderous name implies, but only to rid the earth of myriads of noxious insects, which form the sole food of this useful tribe.—Were it not for the havoc which they make among the grass-hoppers and those nocturnal insects, whose young, in the caterpillar state, commit such depredations in our gardens, we should probably find it useless to sow the seed of any succulent vegetable. Every

tyro of a gunner is familiar with the habits, colors and form of the Night-Hawk, which flies and feeds, indeed, more by day than night. The Whip-Poor-Will is larger and thicker, and more vivid in coloring. His back is an ash-grey, with black and whitish markings, while his wings are brown like a woodcock's body, slightly barred with white, and freely spotted with black. The under feathers of the tail are chiefly white, though only visible when it is expanded. In other respects, the birds are sufficiently alike for the former to give a pretty correct idea of the figure and general appearance of the latter.

The Chuck-Will's-Widow is much the largest of the three. It is almost as large as the newly-fledged pigeon, and closely resembles the wood-cock in its uniform brown coat. The head is enormous, painfully suggestive indeed, of chronic hydrocephalus, and altogether, this bird seems to approach more nearly, to the huge Goat-sucker, of Australia. The most striking fact about the whole family, however, is that the notes of almost every species resembles human language, and we are indebted to Sydney Smith for the remarkable and interesting discovery that they all *speak English!* A friend informs me, however, that while out soldiering in New Mexico, he was introduced to a hitherto unknown member of the clan, whom the natives regarded as a good Spanish scholar. The Night-Hawk, despite his name, rarely flies after the darkness has fairly set in; the Whip-Poor-Will is seldom on the wing, except during the earlier hours of the night; but the Chuck-willow may be heard from early twilight until the grey dawn is passing into day. Through the long summer night, his mellow notes may be heard, except in wet or stormy weather, now in the distant thickets, and now from the tree which shades your window, making the darkness vocal with his melody. It is no easy matter, however, to obtain a sight of the musician. You may cautiously approach the limb on which he sits until his voice seems but a few feet from your ear; for a moment he is silent, and then you hear him mocking you from a different direction. If the bird is aware of your presence, he will flit in silence from his post, and pass within a few inches of your head as noiselessly as a wreath of smoke, and too rapidly to be distinguished in the gloom. But if you remain perfectly quiet, his mode of flight will be different, and as he changes his perch, you will hear loud and distinct flappings, like the regular clapping of the hands, and he may then alight in full view, affording you an easy opportunity of securing him. This peculiarity either escaped the close observation of Audubon, or he neglected to mention it, but I have been struck with it on many occasions, while studying the habits of the "Fairy of the Night."

All the birds of this family deposit two eggs on the bare ground, and the Chuck-willow, should these treasures be disturbed, at once removes them in its soft and capacious mouth, to a safer locality.

One other habit we may notice, as common to them all, and sufficiently striking to excite our interest; they never alight crosswise upon a fence-rail or the limb of a tree. However large this support may be, the bird sits upon it length-wise, a habit evidently resulting from its short legs being set so far back that it is obliged to rest upon its breast.

From the Goatsucker we are naturally led to talk about the Owl, to which it bears in many points a striking affinity. What a shiver must have run through the nervous system of the accurate and methodical Audubon, when he found in Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," under caption of "The Sparrow Kind," that "the Goatsucker may be styled a nocturnal swallow; it is the largest of this kind, and *is known by its tail*, which is not forked, like that of the common swallow!" It is not likely that any of "The Sparrow Kind" would like to own the Owl for a relative, but we may safely follow Goldsmith's method so far as to say that he "may be known by his eyes." The Owls and Goatsuckers are by no means the only nocturnal birds which inhabit our woods. We shall find, in the course of our conversation, that the Woodcock is quite as much so, while the Mallard, the Canada or Common Wild Goose, and several species of Heron, feed as freely by night as by day. The habits of all these latter birds, however, may best be studied by the light of the sun, and when we have disposed of the Owls, we may give up our moonlight rambles, as not likely to furnish any additional stores of ornithological information.

Among the *Strigincæ*—(that only means *Owls;* you must pardon, my dear reader, an occasional "dictionary" word)—there are no less than six different genera, embracing fourteen distinct species, incident to the United States. Perhaps some adventurous exploring-party may rummage out some additions to the list, among the icy forests of Alaska, but you will doubtless agree with me that we have now on hand a number quite sufficient for our present purposes. Of these varieties, there are some which are confined to particular localities, where they are found in great abundance; others are rare, even in the few and secluded spots where only they have been observed, and the rest are but too common everywhere. The Great Cinereous Owl, for instance, the largest known to this continent, frequents only the extreme Northern States and Territories. The funny little Burrowing Owl is well known to all who have traveled over the great plains of the Far West.—There he lives on the most sociable terms with the Prairie-dog and the Rattlesnake, inhabiting with them those strange subterranean cities which honey-comb the flat surface of the country. These rather discordant elements in the population, sometimes come in collision with each other, perhaps on account of political disagreements. The Owl yields to temptation, and makes a breakfast of a nest of young Marmots, and the Rattlesnake metes out poetical

justice by taking the owl for his supper. There are at least seven of the great-eyed family, however, which are common all over the Southern States.

WOMEN, AND THE LIVES OF WOMEN.

BY MARY W. LOUGHBOROUGH.

SOME months since, in our National Capitol, one of our Congressmen arose, and before the assemblage in the Congressional Hall, and in hearing of all of our countrymen, spoke upon female suffrage. This is the substance of what he said, I have it from one of the journals of the day. That women enjoyed the deeds of Jack Murrell, that they had a taste for highwaymen, preferring them to honest husbands. That after marriage, the life of a woman was devoted to playing "namby pamby." Then, the gentleman touched upon the weaknesses of mind pertaining to women. He also touched upon a weakness for drink among the sex whom he knew. Then he soothed all smarts by a reference to bright eyes, and red lips. This speech occupied two or three columns of a leading journal. It was intended, perhaps, as a complimentary effort in behalf of woman's suffrage, perhaps, it was not so intended; those who read it will share the doubt with me.

I refer to it for this reason, because I have known the beauty of a pure and earnest woman's life, because I wish to bring the query to some minds. Are women of the day so heartless; are they so vain and frivolous in society and private life, that, before the body of august law givers in our land, not one arose to gainsay the words of this Congressman?

Did no true, manly soul shrink as there was dragged down before him, in sweeping assertion, this character of sweet womanhood, of wife, mothers, and daughters? No one answered in defence, and had none cause? Is there so little earnestness in the age, that flippant words from one high in position, spoken before the whole land, and rending the beauty from our hearts and hearth-stones, found no reproof or rebuke from the grave men before him? To what are we passing? A century ago, would men have remained so passive as sneer after sneer was aimed at the matrons, and "*Ladies*" of their lives and homes? But a few years have passed since the patience and endurance of woman was so tried, night and day, beside mangled

forms and suffering, agonized souls. Is it possible that the unwritten deeds, and the self-sacrifices of these women of America, have passed from the minds of those with whom they suffered.

In this day has there been no manly heart turned in sympathy to the castle at Trieste, where the courageous young Empress of Mexico is still partly oblivious of her great sorrow? Does not our eye kindle as we read with what heroism she followed her husband to the wild, strange country he sought to govern? In imagination, no doubt, this young creature, garlanded and beautified all his youthful plans for fame and power, with a woman's delicate shade and color of fancy. She would have benevolence for the people: appreciative sympathy for the poor and needy; and for those in power, friends and enemies alike, kind words and a true woman's gentle influence for the right, for peace and harmony.—Gradually events closed and darkened around the young husband; the realities of the Mexican character dawned upon him—as it has upon many a Mexican ruler in days gone by—close by his side stood his graceful and dauntless young wife, striving still to smooth all asperities; hoping still for peace and order, and proving his most faithful and trusted friend. She left his side to labor and strive to gain means and troops for his relief. When her own means failed, which she would have laid at his feet, when courage, influence and the might of her great love failed, her brain burning under its weight of plans and disappointments, under the pressure of his extreme emergency, and her own powerlessness to save: then her mind wavered, darkened, the tense cord was shattered; and Carlotta of Mexico became alike oblivious to trial and sorrow. And can *one* man be found to sneer at the name of this woman of the present who will pass down in history as an example of a wife, and woman's devotion? Is this a woman who would make "frizetts and new bonnets her study?" This woman was born to luxury and wealth, yet when she found work awaiting her in the present, she drew off her tiny gloves, and earnestly grasped with her fair hands the labor which came to her, a labor of heart and of mind. She strove with all her strength to bring order from chaos.

The journals of the day teem with suggestions to woman. I find them warned, cajoled, and threatened by various writers.—But, O, how few give earnest, comforting words to those who strive! Man is powerful, self-sustained, rich in intellect and culture, the one most fitting to hold by the hand, and elevate by word and example, the delicate being God has placed by his side; the fitting one to whom a woman should cling; and if true, noble and earnest in life, worthy of the great love of an earnest woman's heart: yes, truly worthy of her sacrifices, her sufferings, and, if need be, of her willing death for him.

But, alas! so few are worthy; so few heed or appreciate their great power and influence; so few

there are who seek to elevate to a true womanhood, the frivolity and lightness they condemn. I know a little girl who believes that to be worthy of the love of her friends she must be sincere, pure in spirit, seeking always to cultivate heart and mind, giving her choicest endeavor, her kindest words and most loving deeds, in return for parental care and devotion. Will her father be happier, if, when she enters society, she is told her eyes are stars, and are worth a life's devotion? Will his home be brighter, if flattery and light words do their work, and she come to believe that bright eyes and a rosy lip entitle her to great consideration at home and abroad? that loving deeds go for naught, "and that beauty is omnipotent?" I have heard gentlemen in society say this. I have seen young girls, innocent and gentle, enter the world unconscious alike of adulation and conquest, yet, after one winter of visitors and gayety, proceeding to use their eyes and smile in an airy, coquettish way, that has made my heart ache for their future. I do insist that some one is to blame for man's influence in society—an influence which can cause the life of an artless young girl to become a wreck of vanity and heartlessness.

And so I hold that if our Congressman's words are worth saying at all, why not let them be earnest and true, that as they flash over the land, they may bear a noble influence to every home and lead some faltering soul to a loftier life than the fickle, flippant one he pictures. But few true women are anxious to appear at the polls, and take part in public affairs; but every woman, through the influence of noble truths that come to her from other minds, is capable of better and higher purposes. Not many women clamor for what is called Woman's Rights; few who desire a voice at the ballot-box. Yet, in this day, when an inferior race is receiving the utmost consideration, it ill becomes Americans in our Congressional Hall, and before the people at large, to say all manner of evil of the women of their race and blood, while striving to elevate in another race, inferiority, repulsiveness and mediocrity to the highest places in the land. Think with what little encouragement some of our women press patiently on in the earnest work of self-cultivation; sacrifice and labor alike borne cheerfully. Yet the weary mind will falter at times, and the resolute eye become dim with tears, for life is so hard to some, so very hard. At such times how welcome come strong, cheering words, how grateful appreciative sympathy.—And can one be strengthened above the bitterness of trial at such times, in reading jeering words of sarcasm upon woman's poor endeavor, and satirical sneers for her weaknesses.

All that is gained in these life-struggles, all of discipline and attainment, is given gladly at length to husband and children; whom she loves, a woman will serve unto death. And will the influence of men, prominent in the land, be used to cast contempt upon the failures and short com-

ings of that sorely tried and sensitive repository of much that is best in our nature—a woman's heart? Will the journals of the day join to ridicule and sneer, as some little effort is made to lift our souls above what is light and heartless in our day? In every strife for the good, there still may be mingled with much chaff, fair and beautiful wheat. Yet, we are told, as we read the speech of the "President" of the "Sorosis"—with its plans and aspirations of benefit to our race, we are told that "women are so light, so vain, that all that is noble in their purpose, will be perverted and, *whim* and flippancy prevail." Rather let us hear "all who aspire to a higher culture, all who believe in, and desire the soul's true elevation, look upward! and we will assist the weak hands and faint hearts." This would, indeed, be true manhood, to reverence the ardent desire of women for purer aims, and nobler lives. Let men add their strength to support them, and the lives of women would become more earnest, their cultivation more complete. Gratitude would take the place of antagonism, and our land would be famed as Rome of old, for her earnest and dignified men, her women of sincere and lofty lives, who would cheer and uphold the arms of American sires and sons in exalted honor and noble deeds.

How many pale women in the land toil patiently on. The hope and beauty of youth gone from them, the necessary labor of life dwarfing out all ideality, and their obscurity of position checking all intercourse of mind, these women, regardless of the years that are slipping away, offer up daily, their best of heart and life to the children that gather around them. One channel of diversion reaches them, the journals of the day. How to their hearts would flash true words of praise for the sacrifices of women, how then would their souls be lighted up, gaining new strength for life's struggles, when told, "you are battling in a noble cause. Your life is earnest and true. You are God sent, and the souls you suffer for, are portions given you of an immortal nature, and they will gather by your side in the last day, made pure and regenerate, made glorious by your earthly discipline." Hoping for this future, what woman in the land would not bravely take up her burden and move cheerfully onward. Ah! it is the need of a lofty character upon whom to lean for words of advice and cheer; it is the need of an eye looking down into our souls, and amid the vain and restless depths, discerning its inherent nobility, its longing for the good and the true, lying deep in every God given soul and bidding us then arise and awaken to life and to action.

I know a young girl refined, highly cultivated, with the accomplishments of the best society. Yet she has gone to her home and plantation in the South, to take up practically a labor of love. The negro houses are all empty; the kitchen sometimes supplied with a cook, sometimes without, a weary over-burdened mother to cheer and assist, a father care-worn and

smarting under reverses, great affliction, loss of property, and bitter injustice. Yet this young girl said to a friend looking cheerfully up: "all that I can do I will. Give me your prayer, for I will find eminent work for brain, heart and hands. But oh, do not pity me or speak one desponding word—for then, indeed, I would meet my cares as an army, and be overwhelmed."

Would that every sentence that came to her in book, or journal, spoke lofty words of courage to the true heart, that must strengthen and sustain all around her, and while battling with affluent memories, live in the bleak and stern present.

Sometimes in reading the positive assertions that are brought to bear upon the question of woman's frivolty, inanity and heartlessness, I wonder if men sincerely believe that this inferiority and weakness of character belong to all women and is entirely feminine. What then can the ladies of the lives of such men have been beginning with the mothers and then with all feminine influence, which may have been near and about them. Can it be possible that no sincere and noble thought of woman has appealed to their intellect, no patient forbearance, no calm endurance of trial has ever won their admiration and respect? Then indeed are they worthy the commiseration of those whom they deride.

Can we, even in this day, suppose that such opinions found place in the mind of Rudolph Von der Wart. Can we believe that his heroic wife would have dared Austrian bayonets, would have been dragged from the wheel where he lay crushed and bleeding, but to persistently return in the face of her husband's foes, had that husband in brighter days held her lightly, had he even given her an inferior place in his heart? If she had been thought by him unworthy of any great trust, would her character have been so formed that, in his utmost need, she would have so fulfilled that trust, and been found so worthy of his love, she kneeling on the wheel by his side, his noble comforter, and when the foam of agony gathered on his lips, descending, and with her tiny slipper filled with water, climbing again to his side, to refresh and moisten his forehead, mouth and throat. By this we know, that in happier days, she must have been an honored wife, sustained in all her brightest and purest aspirations by her true husband. With such a woman by his side, would he have been the man to sneer and consider all women as frivolous. No—and she proved her high mission to this soul so loved, when Von Landenberg, the Austrian, said, "cease to trouble her, such fidelity is not found on earth—angels in heaven must rejoice at it." Another said: "Your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in Heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life."

She speaks of the wheel upon which her whole world reposed: "I beseech you to leave me," he cried. "When day breaks should

you be found here, what would be your fate?" "I will die with you! 'Tis for that I come, and no power shall force me from you," said I, "and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death." Then, crouching by his side, she spread her cloak, throughout the storm, upon his naked and broken limbs; and through his agony, in her prayers, he found refreshment and consolation.

Then, with his last breath, he said with a smile, "Gertrude, this is fidelity 'till death." Ah! are many found among men today deserving so true and earnest a test of woman's noble love and faithfulness?

How often we hear of woman's vanity, her love of jewels and gaudy attire. It is not alone among Frenchmen, crabbed and cynical, that women are thought devoted to dress and display. Yet how much of thought and time did Prince Esterhazy spend upon his famous diamond plume. His passion for diamonds and jewels was intense, and we know but little of him beyond his jewels. But we have yet to learn that the brilliant gleam of diamonds on the stately brow of Maria Theresa of Austria cost her a thought, or weakened the courage of her brave and warlike brain. Her jewels were almost priceless, her velvet and satin robes of great number and richness, yet never did the lustre of satin folds shimmer over the throbbings of a loftier heart.

Dr. Johnson, a name which should be high authority with the gentlemen of our day, speaks of Flora McDonald's as a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. Has the day arrived when courage and fidelity have ceased to be virtues? The heroic Mrs. Howe has received nothing but a passing notice, while lesser deeds have had golden medals struck in commemoration. We are told that the ship, Ellen Southard, arrived at the port of San Francisco. A schooner discovered her eighty miles out at sea, and flying a flag of distress. On going to her assistance, she was found in command of Mrs. Howe, widow of the captain who had died when the vessel was but a few days out from Hong-Kong.

The ship was short of water, and the crew and Chinamen in a state of mutiny. Mrs. Howe sent a message to the consignees to send a tug out to tow the ship into port. But no efforts were made to rescue this brave woman. And in her peril, with the mutinous crew around her, the ship drifted on in the Bay of Santa Cruz.—Worn out with watching over her husband's death bed, and in her deep affliction, she had still taken charge of the ship, and worked night and day to save it. Now her life was threatened by the mutineers, and she was obliged to stand her watch with a revolver in her hand. She was found by the United States ship, "Wyanda," and the officer was melted to tears as he heard of her trials and witnessed her complete prostration as she gave up her post. She did her duty, as every true woman will do—finding her responsi-

bilities and good works where her hands labor—not always in society, not always with her books, and not always in her kitchen, but with an oversight for her entire household; to be much and often with her husband, sharing his thoughts, his cares and pleasures in a true companionship, and often with her children, seeing, with a keen eye, that needful wants are supplied, physical and mental. Thus giving to husband and children all her advantages of culture and education. Talking with them upon history and science, diluted and simplified for the children, and presented with a charm which hovers around a woman of culture and intuition, so that the words will dwell in their young minds, and there be formed a desire for information, that welcomes each study with eagerness, as it is presented in after life.

Those, without the binding tie of wife and mother, should read and study much. Even the school books, which are thrown by, could be reviewed. I would have them go much into the society of trained and cultivated minds.—Remembering always that light words, without the sparkle of thought, are worthless, and sometimes dangerous, and that actions, which are wanting in the subtile and delicate grace which appeals to the refined mind, are always repulsive, vapid or trifling.

Men do not think it best for us to vote. Whether it be best for society and our country—I cannot yet see clearly—time will evolve the problem. But this we know: it is best for American women to be clothed with honor and dignity by our public men; and it is not best to rend from true womanhood its purity and pride—presenting it ghastly in faults and defects, and calling an indignant blush to the cheek of every true American—causing the Foreigner to smile derisively and say: "Women are all alike."

ALICE.

BY J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

God bless my lovely Alice,
With roguish, laughing eyes,
As pure as is the chalice
That emblems Paradise;
A world of beauty's peeping
Along her sunny smile,
God hold her in His keeping,
God bless her all the while.

God bless my pretty starling
With locks of auburn hair,
The sweetest little darling,
A blessing everywhere.
She seems an angel given
To make the earth rejoice,
Like strains that come from Heaven
Is music of her voice.

God bless my precious treasure,
Oh! she's as dear to me
As is to saints the pleasure
In Paradise to be.
There's not in cot or palace,
So free from arts and guiles,
An angel like sweet Alice
To light the world with smiles.

God give her then His blessing,
And all her joys be His,
May every breeze caressing
Still waft her more of bliss;
Keep her from wiles of malice
And free from arts of guile,
God bless my darling Alice,
God bless her all the while.

Grenada, Miss., Jan. 1, 1869.

THE HAVERSACK.

THE two anecdotes below come from Auburn, Arkansas, and are sent by the author of the sketch of Gen. Cleburne, which Mr. E. A. Pollard *Butlerized* out of our magazine:

Could we induce Capt. J. T—— (now of Memphis, Tenn., but formerly of the 1st Louisiana infantry) to tell through the Haversack, a few of the good things that he relates so inimitably, we should not risk his displeasure by spoiling his ludicrous yarns in the telling and by making him a hero without his consent. But if we can bring a smile to the care worn face of our poverty-stricken ex-reb, who might, without this antidote, have been vacillating between hemp and arsenic, the Captain should consent to be the victim.

Every body in Gen. Bragg's "Army of Tennessee" knew his most efficient Chief of Ordnance, Col. Olladowski, as irascible and profane, as he was energetic and skillful in his department. Few officers that met him in the way of his duties that did not have to submit to a tirade of his "inverted blessings" such as would have done credit to the "army in Flanders." But with all, he was a most devout Catholic, attending most rigidly to all the outward forms of church duty.

While the army occupied the vicinity of Tullahoma, Tennessee, Captain T——, wearing a very flashy flannel shirt, entered the office of the old Polish Chief of Ordnance. The Colonel's wardrobe being rather scant, his eye was at once taken with the Captain's gay colored under-garment, and, without other greeting, asked, "Where you get dat shirt?" (The reader can add a double oath at the beginning and close of each sentence by the Colonel, which we omit.)

The Captain replied with careless air; "Oh, just down the street."

Colonel. (excitedly.) You buy dis lovely shirt in dis dirty town? How much you give for him? Is ze man have any more like him? I have but dis one shirt to mine body, and him full of bugs.

Captain. Well, I bought it of a sutler that has just come through the lines. He is selling off dirt cheap—only *five* in Confed. He had a good many, but they are going like hot cakes, and you had better hurry or you will be too late. Go to the old store-house adjoining the office of Maj. B—.

Colonel (wildly.) Only five tollar in dis rag-trash! I vil buy one dozen shirt for mine body!—Tunder and blazes! get out mine way!

Captain. Remember the old store this side Maj. B's. office, and don't let those fellows fasten the door on you.

As the Colonel's portly form disappeared round the corner, in hot haste, toward this new shirt emporium, the Captain's face expanded into a broad grin that in-

timated the bait swallowed and the sell complete.

When the excited Colonel reached the building indicated, he found, sure enough, the door closed. Of course this was done, as the Captain had intimated, by the boys, to prevent competition in their good bargains. With a loud oath, the indignant Colonel kicked the door from its fastenings, and with an added volley of execrations he rushed in. "Vere is dem shirt? By gar, I vill have de five tollar shirt!"

Being greeted with only the profoundest silence, he looked round, when, what was his shame, his holy horror, as he saw only kneeling forms, the robed Priest in the centre, holding on high the sacred chalice. He had been shamefully inveigled to commit sacrilege against the Holy Mother Church, by forcibly entering where was being celebrated evening mass. Devoutly crossing himself, and uttering a heartfelt "*mea culpa*," the bowed form of the abashed Colonel passed out. When once on the street, he started at a double-quick, with drawn sword, to wreak the most summary vengeance on the "perfidious Frenchman," who, it is needless to say, had taken the best care to make himself as scarce as possible.

We must make Captain T—— again a victim, though against our inclination, yet only (as during the war, he or I may have done with some innocent and unsuspecting pullet) to fill the *Haversack*.

During the first year of the war, the 1st Louisiana infantry was stationed at Pensacola, and I think Capt. T—— was acting on the Staff of Brig. Gen. Adams, then commanding the post.

Late one evening, Gen. Adams had strolled down on the beach alone, and there found one of those immense mortar shells half buried in the sand and unexploded, that had been thrown at the fort sometime previous, from one of the enemy's vessels then blockading the harbor. He seated himself cross-legged on the sand, and taking the murderous looking missile between his knees, proceeded, with the utmost care, to the dangerous task of taking out the fuse with his pocket-knife. It was a ticklish job, as the friction produced in his efforts might ignite the fuse and explode the shell. But the General, stimulated by his curiosity to explore the interior mysteries of the huge projectile, labored long and tremblingly. At last the point containing the fuse began to turn, and—Fiz! iz! z! z! ziz! ziz! went the treacherous bomb, and the General, performing two or three back somersaults more rapid than graceful, landed on his face a dozen paces distant, and with extended arms and legs, awaited the awful explosion.

One minute, two minutes, that seemed an age, passed and still no explosion. He raised his head and looking back saw the shell as he had dropped it. Raising himself on his hands and knees, his first impulse was to look round if any straggler had been witness of his ungraceful stampede. His eye was caught by a long-legged figure streaking it

across the beach. It was that "inveterate rascal and ventriloquist, Capt. T——." He had been completely sold, and the Captain was making good his escape. Hastily drawing his revolver from his belt, he continued firing at the retreating figure until his pistol was empty, and the Captain had disappeared within the fort.

W. F. D.

From Grenada, Mississippi, we get an account of an unsuccessful *ruse* practiced upon our Northern brethren:

During the battle of New Hope Church, we had taken possession of a farm house, where were some provisions. The family having abandoned the property, we confiscated it according to Sherman's theory of war, that abandoned property belonged of right to the party taking possession. We determined to make an obstinate stand against the Irish and Dutch savers of the life of the nation, until a good meal was prepared. So, some of us went to cooking and the rest fought for the house. The dinner was almost ready and we thought that a king might have envied our good things, when the aforesaid savers of the life of the nation pressed us so closely, that there was danger of losing our rations. Just then, D. C. Holliday, of Co. E., — Mississippi regiment, hit upon a plan to gain time. He put on an old woman's clothes, cap and all, and amidst the hottest of the fire, went out and cried, "what do you mean by shooting at us women folks? some of us will get hurt." But our gallant foes were no "respecter of persons," and Holliday got a ball in his face, which brought him to the ground. Rising up immediately, he cried out to me,

"Bob, I want you to kill that damned Yankee, who *shot at a woman!*"

Holliday missed his dinner, but he got a scar in his face which he still carries.

We have received from Norfolk, Va., an anecdote of New England patriotism, which is about on a par with that of the Missouri dentist:

We received freight this last year from a Yankee captain of a coaster, a regular Cape Cod Salt, large in size, fat, hearty, hale, with round, red, greasy face. A jovial fellow withal, who, when he laughed, might be said "to laugh all over."

After business was transacted, he began to talk on various subjects, and of course the inevitable war came up. "Waal now" said he, "you all hadn't orter gone outen the Union. You orter to have staid there and stuck to the dear old flag, and we would have come to your help. But when you done what you hadn't orter done, we had to leave you and fight for the life of the nation."

I thought from his manner that he was only talking for effect, and so I asked him, "did you fight for the old flag?" He replied, "waal, yes, I did, and *was killed at the battle of Gettysburg.*" I inquired how was that; "Waal now, you see, I'll tell you how it

was. One day, during the war, I was to hum with my scunner (schooner.) I went to dinner and found a great row going on. Wife was crying, children squalling, and a muss generally. I inquired what it all meant, and all the brats broke out, 'Daddy's drafted, Daddy's drafted!' Waal, I told them just to hush up, I wasn't such er fool as to go into the army to get killed. So I went eout to fix it up, and I hadn't gone far before I met a Dutchman, and I said to him, 'my friend, how long have you been in this country?' He answered, 'I ish jist koom.' Then I asked him 'would you like to go to the army.' He answered, 'how much ish you pay?' I gave him $800 and *my name.* We went together to the Provost Marshal, he enlisted in my name, went to the war and was killed at Gettysburg. So I am enrolled among the heroes, who fell at that great battle, and a grateful country has erected a monument to my memory. *That's the way I got killed at Gettysburg.*"

"What did you do after your decease?" I inquired.

"Waal, neow," said he, "after I got my Dutchman off to the war, I took my scunner and made a run down to Galveston, and from there took a load of passengers over to the Rio Grande (I'm not going to tell yeou who they wore.) I got $70 in gold for each passenger. Waal then, I took a load of cotton (I'll not tell yeou where it was) and put out for Liverpool. I made a good thing eouten that job."

"One day, I was standing on the deck of my scunner, when a chap comes aboard and says to me, 'be you the captain of this craft?' and says I, 'I be.' And then we began to talk, and he asked me how long I had been in the trade, and abeout a little of every thing. Then he went away, and he came back again the next day, and we fell to talking again, and he says to me, says he, 'heow would yeou like to command a nice blockade runner? We have the nicest kind of a craft, nearly ready, and we hope to make a good thing of it.'—'Waal' says I, 'I wouldn't mind it much, *if it weould pay.*' Then says he to me, says he, 'it pays well.' So he kerried me to the owners, and they kerried me to the blockade-runner, a regular beauty! I tell yeou. And they asked me what I'd take to run her. I told them $500 in gold for pin money, and one-fourth profits. So they agreed to it and I went into the blockade line.—Waal, I made nine trips to Charleston, Wilmington and Galveston, and never got a scratch. I kerried many a passenger to yeour so-called Confederacy, (I'll not tell yeou, who they were) and some passengers eouten it." I suggested to him that among the latter was, probably, the man who killed him at Gettysburg. "That meout be, for them gwine eout seemed to have troubled consciences and wanted to get away."

I asked him how he came out.

"Waal, I made right smart. My share was $170,000. I did lose a big pile in petroleum arterwards, but I've right smart in the Bank yet."

The story of our Norfolk friend suggests that, but for the Blockade, the South might have won New England to her side. With open ports, had she revived the slave-trade, the descendants of the old slavers would have whitened her coasts with the sails of their "scunners."

Carrollton, Missouri, sends an anecdote, which we take the liberty to alter in one particular:

In the spring of 1864, our army under Price, was in Arkansas, and on very short rations. A faithful and beloved Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. M——, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was trying to turn every discouraging circumstance to our spiritual advantage. One Sunday morning he was preaching one of his most thrilling and eloquent sermons, and as appropriate to our condition, was telling how the persecuted and hungry Elijah was fed in the wilderness by ravens, which brought him food.

Old Jimmy—a brave, true soldier, was listening with his mouth open, but somewhat spoilt the solemnity of the occasion, by muttering,

"I wish we had them birds for Commissaries now!"

It is said that General Price, who invariably attended Divine service, dropped his head and covered his face with his hands. The services terminated abruptly.

From Mobile, Ala., we get an account of the bellicose qualities of certain Staff Officers, who belonged to the non-combatant department of the service:

After the capture of Fort Gaines, Ala., the Quarter-Master of —— Alabama regiment was assigned to that valiant branch of the service, yclept the cavalry, and tramped extensively around Georgia while Gen. Hood was tramping to Nashville and—back again. The said Q. M. was true to his old trade, and did not hunt up—a fight, however much he may have hunted up provender and other "fixings." On one occasion, he was riding with the Lieut. Colonel in grand style, at the head of the regiment, when an unreflecting Yankee, in the far distance, fired off a gun, which struck, with a spent ball, a man in the ranks without hurting him, however. This was too much for the man of provender and abstracts, and he retired from the field of honor with a rapidity that was somewhat inconsistent with dignity. After every thing was quiet, the Lieut. Colonel called up a negro named John and asked him about the Quartermaster.

John. Bless de Lord, he done limber to de rear, when dat Yankee shoot he gun.

Lt. Col. Did he say anything to you, John?

John. Why, Masser Col., he did say something, which sound like "Yankees, John, Yankees, John." But he ride so fast dat he voice sound like de steam whistle a blowin'.

Lt. Col. Where's the Quarter-Master Sergeant's man, Abney?

John. De print of he nose is jist behind de mud sill of dat log cabin. He lie close to de ground, sartain shore.

Lt. Col. Where's the Doctor?

John. He hug dat pine tree so tight dat de rosum come out and stuck him fast. He can't get 'way, Masser Colonel.

Just then the three delinquents made their appearance, and John, fearing that he might have to render an account of his stewardship, thought it prudent to follow their illustrious example and "limber to the rear."

D. V.

But for that unfortunate spent ball, these three gentlemen would have made admirable historians of the war, and could have sat in judgment with grace and dignity upon the qualifications of all the Confederate officers, from General Lee down to the youngest lieutenant. But that spent ball spoiled their fitness to discourse eloquently of the war. To write graphically, impartially and truthfully, the historian of the "Lost Cause" must never have seen a battle-field or heard the whistle of even a spent ball!

The Lieut. Colonel (W. F. M.) tells the foregoing story on Capt. V.—the Quarter-master, but the Captain retaliates with a hard yarn upon the Lieut. Colonel.—He was remarkably handsome and had made many conquests in Cupid's department, of which he was not a little proud. He was equally devoted to country and city Misses, and equally gratified by their admiration. Once, when passing through a little town in Northern Georgia, a large number of young ladies were gathered in the porch of a vine-covered cottage to see the soldier boys.—On seeing the Band they went into ecstacies over it, and called loudly for some music. Our warlike Captain and Quarter-master was, as usual, at the head of the regiment with the Colonel, when there was no danger abroad: yea, he was a few yards in advance, (the Yankees were behind.) The valiant Quarter-master called the attention of the Colonel to the ladies, and he ordered Professor Fayes, of the Band, to strike up. After playing a few tunes, we went into camp a short distance from the house. The beauty of the girls had made quite an impression upon the Colonel, (W. F. M.,) and he fancied that his own fine appearance, stars on his collar, and the magnificent flowing beard had made a corresponding impression upon the prettiest in the crowd, whom we shall call Miss C. So he returned that night to the house, and it was the good fortune of the Quarter-master to hear the young ladies discuss the question as to who was in command.

Miss A. I wonder if that young fellow, who rode the big horse, was the colonel of the regiment?

Miss B. Oh no, that other man with the long whiskers is the colonel. I saw the stars on the collar of his coat.

Pretty Miss C. Pshaw! he ain't the colonel. He's a pretty looking fellow to command a regiment. He's nothing but the corporal of the Band!

D. V.

A young lady sends us an anecdote from Independence, Missouri, which recalls a similar one of the first battle of Manassas. We

will relate the first in order of time, as it was then told, but whether true or untrue, we will not attempt to decide:

A lot of Yankee wounded had been collected off the field, and were placed at a convenient point to receive the attention of the Confederate surgeons. They were moaning and groaning a great deal, and one of Wheat's celebrated Louisiana Tigers was looking on, his lips curling with scorn at the want of patience and fortitude evinced by the "savers of the life of the nation." One of the wounded was particularly fussy, and implored some benevolent individual to kill him and put him out of his misery. "Will no one take pity on me, kill me and relieve me of this dreadful suffering?" The appeal was too much for the sensibility of the compassionate Tiger. He drew out his Bowie knife, and with one skillful blow took off the head of the sufferer. Then bowing low to the rest of the wounded, he blandly inquired, "Can I accommodate any more of you, gentlemen?" No more of them wished to be *accommodated!*

But to the Independence anecdote from our fair correspondent:

It chanced, during the late war, that the Federals were victorious in a battle at this place, not however, without some loss on their side in killed and wounded.

As usual, there was a good deal of spite to be taken out upon us poor unfortunate females of the rebel persuasion, who were left in the town. With a view of inflicting a severe punishment upon us, by imposing a supposed disagreeable task, a Federal officer called upon a party of young ladies, and very sternly ordered them to make shrouds for the Federal dead, adding, "if you fail to obey the order, you must suffer the penalty of disobedience." One of the young ladies advanced and said: "I am sure, Colonel, we will take great pleasure in obeying your command, and would but be too happy to accommodate your whole regiment in the same way." B. S.

We feel sure that every polite and gentle lady, at the South, would willingly accommodate the loyal Fetich in the same way.

A kind and obliging friend sends us, from St. Louis, Mo., the anecdote below:

After the battle of Springfield, Missouri, a regiment of Missouri troops were ordered, much against their inclination, to exchange their shot guns for the muskets captured from the Yankees. One long, lank, leatherly backwoodsman was specially obdurate, but at length consented to obey orders and accept the "single barrel." But nothing could induce him to take the bayonet: "it's bothersome to tote and I can't see the good ov it." Col. P. explained the use of it, and tried to prevail on the obstinate man to keep it. He took the musket, stuck on the bayonet and jobbed away with it experimentally and then drawled out: "Well, Colonel, ef its orders, I 'spose I'se 'bleeged to kerry the stickin' thing. But all them Yankees is Dutch, and if one of them Dutch gits close enough to stick

me with one ov them things and he don't run, *I will.*"

J. A. W.

We would like to get one authentic incident of the use of the bayonet. Gen. Hancock made a "real bayonet charge" at Williamsburg, but no rebel saw it. Mr. E. A. Pollard tells how Yankees were bayoneted at Seven Pines, but no Confederate soldier there witnessed anything of the kind.

Mike D——, a stalwart and jolly son of the Emerald Isle, living at C——, Mo., had long desired to vote, but was afraid to try to register, as it was well known that he was a Democrat, and no loyal Registrar will enroll one of that persuasion in "free Missouri." Just before the registration day, Mike came out, to the astonishment and disgust of his friends and the delight of the "trooly loil," in favor of "nager aquality." He forestalled all argument by declaring that he was ready and willing to "bate any mon in Pike county, who daffered in opinion" with him. He was, of course, registered without difficulty, and his vote being now secure beyond all peradventure, he deigned to explain what he meant by negro equality. "What I mane by nager aquality is this, d'ye mind, that one nager is aqual to another nager, and I'll whale any mon that says he's any betther!" J. A. W.

It was certainly a Yankee who said that the difficulty in getting President Johnson out of the Presidential chair arose from the fact that he went into it *tight:* but it remained for an old reb to discover that Ben Butler's eye and a damaged musket would each stay *cocked* till the *dog* wore out. J. A. W.

EDITORIAL.

GOD has been pleased to give abundant crops to every portion of the oppressed South. The loyal men of the loyal North are displeased with Him for His want of loyalty in thus showering blessings upon rebels. They had sent down Foreign emissaries and Western troops, who had burned our cities, towns, villages, hamlets, churches, colleges, academies, court-houses, barns, mills, cotton-gins, cribs, smoke-houses and private residences: who had cut the levees of rivers, and desolated vast sections with destructive floods: who had torn up railroads and destroyed engines and cars: who had cut down and trampled under foot the growing crops in the field: who had carried off horses, hogs and cattle, or shot them down, lest rebels should use them: who had taken special pains to destroy plows, hoes, axes, shovels and spades

and all implements of husbandry: who had burned fences in the row, so that wild hogs might devour the little left in the fields: who had robbed houses of plate and jewelry, of necessary food and clothing, and when the mother plead that a little might be spared for the hungry child, had taunted her with the sin of rebellion: who had sent decrepit old men and delicate women to languish and die in prison: who had exhausted human ingenuity in devising new and strange punishments to afflict the body and torture the mind.

All these, and ten thousand other wrongs and outrages were committed during the war. But they were not enough to sate the rage of the loyal mind. In time of profound peace, a thievish and fanatical Bureau was established to humiliate ladies and gentlemen, and wring from them, by fines and imprisonments, the little left them by bummers and marauders. In time of profound peace, infernal agents of infernal associations spread all over the country to incite the ignorant and easily duped negroes to rape, arson and murder. In time of profound peace, the South was robbed of the accumulated savings of two centuries. In time of profound peace, and in violation of the terms of capitulation of the Southern armies, all State Governments were overthrown; men of culture, intelligence, honor and virtue were thrust aside, and we were given as rulers, either degraded negroes or white thieves, murderers and ruffians of the lowest type. In time of profound peace, when the cry of hunger was heard in all parts of the South, a tax was put upon Southern products that the very hope, which industry inspires, might be crushed out forever. In time of profound peace, Christian ministers came down to take the negroes out of all the churches with which they were connected, and to teach them a new religion of hate, malice and revenge. In time of profound peace, the loyal Congress of the nation has spent weeks and months of each session in schemes to degrade the character and wound the sensibility of Southern people, or in still more nefarious schemes, to put premiums upon villainy.

All the loyal plans for vengeance have succeeded. The good work went on as satisfactorily as Thad. Stevens and his present associates could have desired. The emissaries of Satan, sent out by the loyal North, have accomplished wonders. In every county in every State of the South, a rape has been committed, or attempted, by a negro. In every city, town, village and hamlet, there has been a wholesale, or partial fire, caused by negro incendiaries. From every quarter of this once peaceful and law-abiding land comes up the smell of blood, shed by negro hands.

Loyal men have looked with intense satisfaction upon this scene of ruin, misery and crime, and for three years their souls have overflowed with gladness. The drought burnt up one portion of the South, and the floods swept away another. The worm and the caterpillar came as ministers

of vengeance, to eat up every green thing and—to send a thrill of joy to the loyal heart. Famine and pestilence, the grim scourges of God, smote our prostrate people, and—cheered the loyal soul. Meetings were held in church and hall of the loyal North and the sufferings of the South were discussed pleasantly by Beecher and Greeley. Some of the audience gave a penny or two, probably to pay for the enjoyment of the performance, probably to show that they were the good Pharisees, Beecher claimed them to be.

And so, for three years, there had been nothing to ruffle the pleasant feeling in the loyal mind. All was well. The South was suffering as much as could be reasonably desired, and the Reconstruction measures were admirably calculated to ruin and degrade her for all time to come. How comfortable the prospect was!—How happy the loyal were! Even Sumner forgot the smarting of Brooks' chastisement in the great joy of revenge. Three years of exquisite felicity for the noble men, who generously gave up so many thousands of Irish and German lives to save the life of the nation. Ah, why could not the joy be a "joy forever?" Now they look at one another aghast. A mysterious Providence has been merciful to rebels. He has fed and clothed them and lifted them out of the slough of despair. The loyal are sorely displeased with Him. As they wanted, in time past, an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God, so now they want an anti-rebel God—one who will scorch their fields with fire or drown them with flood.—They would depose Him or at least impeach Him, if they knew how to go to work about it. As it is, they can only invoke their own Deity to aid them in their counsels about the rebels. The Conclave cannot agree. The loyal Wade and the loyal Sumner have different views. Bluff Ben spoke first: "We will let their prosperity go on; we will let their fields be white with cotton, and green with tobacco, and then we will tax both and get all the profits. America, with the fullness thereof, belongs to loyal men. We are the loyal men and we will take all that these rebels make. We will put a tax, not merely upon their cotton and tobacco, but upon their rice and sugar, their tar, pitch and turpentine, their live oak and their cypress lumber, and all and every thing they produce." Then Bluff Ben swore a score of oaths to show that though he had lost his seat in the Senate, he still belonged to the party of great moral ideas. The loyal Sumner next spoke: "We will reconstruct reconstruction. My Georgia bill will fix all that. We will crush these rebels forever. We will reduce every thing to anarchy and confusion, destroy all State Governments and give free license to robbery and murder." And the loyal Charles closed with a fervent and eloquent prayer for the heathen in India.

As we understand the difference of views between these distinguished gentlemen, it is whether robbery or murder would give

most comfort to the loyal heart. Since our unhappy section is to be the victim, we prefer being robbed, and therefore, humbly hope that the thievish schemes of Hon. Ben Wade may prevail, rather than the murderous designs of Hon. Chas. Sumner.

We are favored at our office with many hundreds of exchanges of all parties and religions, and we can conscientiously say, that one of the very ablest political papers of the Republican party, is the New York *Methodist*. Any one desiring an able paper of that party could not do better than to take it. The *Methodist* is a so-called religious paper, but religion is so subordinated to politics, that the sensibility of the political or worldly-minded reader will never be offended. In fact, he might never perceive the religious character of the paper at all. So far as we have been able to judge the so-called religious papers of the loyal North, the religious element is assumed merely to drag in a Scriptural anathema against rebels, or to vaunt the holiness of loyal men.

Selling Out Cheap.—The Hon. Horace Greeley says that the Blair family and all rebeldom might be bought by a few Post-Office appointments, or other small offices. That however they might *dicker* for awhile as to their price, they would all sell out cheap.

Now, there are three things which surprise us in this utterance of the Hon. Mr. Greeley. First, we are surprised that a scholar and a philosopher should give the sanction of his authority to a vulgarism like "dicker." Second, we are surprised that Mr. Greeley is so badly informed as to suppose that a Post-Office appointment is a trifling affair. As a philosopher, he ought to know that there will be foolish people in the world till the end of all time, and that these foolish people will send money by mail. As a politician, he ought to know that the Post-Office official, who would let this money pass out of his hands to the party to whom it was directed, must be a man of very suspicious loyalty, with some stain of rebellion on his skirts. The Loyal League would turn him out of the Lodge: the Loyal Fetich would be ashamed of him: the Party of great moral ideas would disown him. The Honorable Horace is getting old, and his powers of observation are not so acute as they were ninety years ago, else he would have noticed the remarkable fact that every Government employee gets rich, it matters not how small and insignificant the office may be which he holds and *uses*.

Third. We are surprised that the Honorable Horace should be so impolitic as to taunt the Southern renegades with their treachery to their section. It is sad enough for them to have lost the respect of their own people. Why add to their sufferings by letting them know that they are despised by their purchasers? Some of them have sold out very cheap, it is true; but they knew their value better than Mr. Greeley did, and if they got their full price, *they* ought to be satisfied and *he*

has no right to grumble at the sale. The strongest pro-slavery men of the South have sold out for a Fetich governorship, a Fetich judgeship, a Fetich mayoralty, &c. Mr. Greeley may think that the office of a scavenger in an ordinarily cleanly city would be more respectable. That may be, but the renegades got all they asked for themselves, and it is really cruel in the philosopher to upbraid them for their modesty in putting so low a valuation upon their souls and bodies.

The Crop of Louisiana.—A wonderful country is that which attempted to set up a free government of its own. A single good crop is sufficient to lift its people from the abyss of despair and poverty to hope and plenty.—It is not wonderful that the Hon. Edward Everett thought the loyal North could not afford to lose so rich a section. It is not wonderful that the Hon. W. D. Kelley and his *confreres* look with greedy eyes upon these fertile hills and luxuriant valleys.—It is scarcely wonderful that, with their views of the proprietary rights of loyal men, they should wish to legislate so as to drive out the present inhabitants and come into Naboth's vineyard themselves.

In Louisiana, the whites were united and soon became masters of the situation. The loyal Fetich became comparatively quiet, and the landholders were able to make contracts for labor. The condition of Louisiana was thus made almost as enviable as that of Mississippi: and so the former is almost as prosperous as the latter. Mr. G. W. West, of New Orleans, estimates the crop of 1868, in Louisiana, to be worth from 30 to 35 millions in currency. The sugar crop will amount to 100,000 hogsheads, an increase of 61,000 hogsheads over last year, and one-fourth as large as the crop before the war. In addition, the rice crop will amount to 80,000 barrels, worth $1,250 000 in currency. The sale of cotton in New Orleans will possibly reach 700,000 bales.

Louisiana was in a wretched condition in the beginning of 1868, and would now be in a state of absolute want of the necessaries of life, had not the union of her native population against the Fetich enabled her to control matters at home.

With a clear white majority of 70,000, North Carolina could have done much better. She has chosen to turn over the State Government to the loyal Fetich—thieves, adventurers and ignoramuses. The people will learn their folly through the crushing weight of taxation and the utter prostration of every industrial interest.

Vicksburg, Mississippi, out of a voting population of 1,200, sent 3,500 soldiers to the war. Has any town, either North or South, so warlike a record? We would like to know whether there is any parallel to this.

Gen. Grant is said not be a very enthusiastic admirer of the Hon. Horace Greeley, and if he is really the magnanimous man that Dem-

ocratic editors have, of late, discovered him to be, he will not taunt the Southern renegades, as Greeley has done. We hope, on the contrary, that he will reward them according to their merits. Many of them were once strong pro-slavery men, and contended that the negroes belonged to the monkey tribe. But they have seen the folly of their belief, and are now the warmest admirers of the colored race and, in fact, seem to regret their own color, and would gladly exchange it for a duskier hue. Ever since their conversion, their decided preference is for the negro, and their sole aversion is for their own race. Now, these converts have been of essential service to Gen. Grant. They have succeeded in electing him by the negro vote, when the white vote of the United States was against him. Gratitude should prompt him to recompense their labors of love with African missions, so that they might live among the people of their choice. Brownlow, the Fetich Chief, of Tennessee, might be sent to the Court of Coomassie in Upper Guinea. The Fetich Chief, of South Carolina, might be sent to the Court of St. Salvador, in Lower Guinea. Our own Fetich, who has made so many *turns* in his life, would think nothing of *doubling* the Cape of Good Hope, and going to the Court of Mozambique. And so they all might be distributed around, and, doubtless, they would live long and happily with the race they love so dearly. We would not wish their felicity impaired by a return to this Continent, where alas! the white race predominates. We would endure their absence by consoling ourselves with the reflection that they were in the full enjoyment of all the blessings that their loyal hearts could wish. Should some of the African Kings of *anthropophagic* proclivities have them served up as a roast for dinner, or a hash for breakfast, even then, we would comfort ourselves with the thought that they would be amply avenged, since their dusky Majesties would surely die of indigestion.

Du Chaillu, the French traveler, gives a pleasant picture of one of these African Courts, and shows how little their wise Sovereigns waste in the follies of dress: "The King wore a dress coat—and nothing else. His Prime Minister wore a shirt without sleeves—and nothing else. His second Minister wore a neck-tie—and nothing else. The third was adorned with a hat—and nothing else. But the Queen varied the fashion, by wearing an umbrella—and nothing else!"

In an atmosphere of such purity and refinement, our loyal Fetich would be supremely blessed! If they will send through their respective States for signatures to petitions to Gen. Grant for these African missions, we will guarantee that ninety-nine hundredths of the white population will sign them! Let them go in peace and let us have peace!

Providing a Homestead.—The loyal Fetich, of North Carolina, have bought 8,000 acres of land, as a site for a State Penitentiary. We suppose that they intend to

have parks for goats, lakes for geese, statues of the different kings of Africa, *jets d' eau* throwing up sorghum, and everything that can please their æsthetic tastes and classic eyes. We know of no instance in history of greater forethought for the future. The Fetich have provided a comfortable retreat in the declining years of life. Charles V., of Spain, was content in his old age to give up the dominion of nearly half the civilized world, and retire to the Convent of St. Yuste. Our Fetich must have a palace and lordly pleasure-grounds!

Home Enterprise.—Our people send, annually, $6,000,000 North to Insurance Companies, of one class and another. Some of these Companies lent their strength to ruin our section, and yet our people support them rather than their own. This is very magnanimous, doubtless, but it is very unwise also. Every dollar sent out of the South, adds to the general poverty and distress. The Piedmont Life Insurance, of which Col. Carrington is President, is just as responsible as any Company in the North, and its officers are all men known at the South, and of unquestionable probity. Surely, it deserves the highest confidence, and the most cordial support from the South. The Southern Life Insurance has for its President, Gen. John B. Gordon, and among its Directors, Ben H. Hill, Wade Hampton, A. H. Colquitt, &c. It needs no higher guarantee than these names afford. The Planters' Insurance, of Mississippi, has at its head that noble Roman, Gov. Humphreys, and among its Agents, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

It is suicidal wickedness to send millions to the North, when we have *better* Companies at home. The whole world has been, and *is*, banded against us, and it is the solemn duty of every man, at the South, to encourage Southern enterprise. The Rock Island Factory, of Charlotte, N. C., turns out daily, a thousand yards of superior cassimeres, flannels, jeans and other woolen goods. Charlotte not being a Fetich town, the Proprietors of this factory have not learned loyal tricks, and their goods are not shoddy. But Southern merchants will go a thousand miles further North to purchase the vilest shoddy. We think that the Southern press is greatly responsible for this unnatural state of things. True Southern editors and true Southern gentlemen seem to take greater pleasure in noticing Northern books, magazines and newspapers, Northern products and fabrics, Northern agricultural implements and machinery, than they do in calling attention to similar articles of home production. It is not wonderful that with such teaching from the Southern press, Southern literature should languish and die, and that Southern foundries, factories and machine shops should give a meagre subsistence to owners and employees. Some of the mammoth newspaper establishments of the North, and most of its huge factories, have been built up by Southern patronage. It is high time that

this thing should stop. Self-interest, as well as patriotism, demands the encouragement of home industry. The war demonstrated that the South had inventive talent of the highest order, and that she only needed the mechanical skill, which practice alone can give. Thousands of Confederate soldiers, of good birth and education, have brought their collegiate training to bear upon mechanical pursuits. The machine shops, at Water Valley, Mississippi, are full of the educated young men of the South, and so at hundreds of other points. They had risked life and limb for their dear native land, and when the Irish and German force was too powerful for them, they gave up their arms in good faith, and now show their love for their country, by adding to its wealth and material resources. The Confederate soldier is a worker everywhere. In all our extended acquaintance, we know of but one who is a worthless drone, and he was so before the war. These sober, industrious, law-abiding men have the very highest claims upon our people, and it is a species of dishonesty to pass them by and give our support to the industry of the people, who destroyed us. It is, to say the least of it, very base ingratitude, and worthy of the loyal Fetich.

Our very able and highly esteemed contemporary, the Baltimore *Gazette*, has an interesting article upon the increase in wealth and numbers, of *our* great Southern city. We extract the following:

"We are satisfied, from what we learn, that we are inside of the estimate when we state that the population of Baltimore is now over 350,000, and that at the next census, it will certainly be more than 400,000, nearly double what it was in 1860. This, it must be recollected, by no means represents the actual active population of the city, from the fact that large improvements and settlements have been made in Baltimore county, in the immediate vicinity of the city, the suburban citizens of which really form a portion of the population of Baltimore.

"For at least fifty years there has been no extension of the city limits. Its boundaries are now the same as they were in 1815, and Poppleton's plat is still the only map of reference. Dwelling houses have been built, warehouses have been erected, factories have gone into operation, ground has been taken up, and the city territory, as once laid out, on what was considered a grand scale, has gradually filled up, until it has forced its way across arbitrary lines and is spreading itself out into the surrounding country.

"Some little idea may be had of the vastness of this increase, when it is known that, during the past four years, nearly seven thousand new houses have been erected in this city. The returns made by the Judges of the Appeal Tax Court show that in 1865 there were 710 permits issued for buildings; that in 1866 there were 1,334 permits issued: 1,800 in the year 1867, and 2,878 during the past year. Estimating the house population at eight persons to each house, this gives at once an increase of over 50,000 in four years. A portion of these permits are of course not for dwellings, but then there is a large increase of floating population, who do not build houses and for

whom houses are not built."

The cause of this wonderful prosperity is explained in the extract below. The kindness of that noble City to our suffering people is bringing her a noble reward. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Spite of the ravages of war, and the inhuman legislation against the South, it cannot always be kept down. The land is too fertile, and the people too brave and energetic, for the country long to remain in ruins. When the respective States are allowed to choose their own rulers, the hungry adventurers from abroad, and the Fetich thieves at home will run off like rats from a burning barn. Prosperity will once more bless our unhappy section. The South will once more become rich and powerful, and then she will not forget who were her friends in the hour of her sorrow and humiliation. The *Gazette* says:

"Most of this increase of population comes from the South. There are thousands of Southerners here working away at professions, devoting themselves to business, engaged in trade or employed in mechanic arts, men who have come here to build up their shattered fortunes or to earn their daily bread; men who have been attracted hither by the kind-heartedness, the liberality and hospitality of the citizens of Baltimore; who have brought their wives and their children with them to seek a new home, *where poverty and misfortune are not looked upon as a disgrace, and where gold is not the only passport to position.* In years to come, when the days of tribulation have passed away, and when Baltimore fattens upon prosperity, her citizens need never be ashamed to feel that they reaped an honest reward by being true to the unfortunate, and by their efforts to relieve, with openhanded liberality, sufferings which it was not their lot to share. The name of many a citizen of Baltimore is to-day a household word in the South; and in Virginia and the Carolinas and in other Southern States, Southern men, settled in Baltimore, are constantly traveling in and preaching to the South the advantage of the Baltimore market and influencing trade to it. It is to its Southern sympathies that Baltimore in a great measure owes its increase and to some extent its prosperity. Baltimore has dealt liberally and she is reaping largely; and in her unselfish action she has taken the best means to publish widely the great advantages which she offers as a market to a very large and important portion of the country.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WREATH OF EGLANTINE.* Let us be in haste to recognize, without waiting for opinions of the press from the North or elsewhere, a true Poem from the South: let us say that it is real poetry, and risk our critical reputation on the reception it will

* The Wreath of Eglantine and other Poems; edited, and in part, composed by Daniel Bedinger Lucas. Kelly & Piet, Baltimore.

meet with. Yet not exactly on that: for even should an unappreciative public fail to lend an ear to it, we will still be disposed to maintain against all comers, that we cannot mistake the impulse of the divine afflatus.

The volume is issued for the Christmas holidays, and in advance of its regular advent, through the kindness of a friend (not author, nor publisher) we have enjoyed it like a draught of hydromel. It has been brought out in a style just short of the *copie de luxe*, by Kelly and Piet, the Baltimore publishers, and as we believe Mr. Lucas is a native Virginian, the book commends itself to us as altogether Southern.

Everybody knows with what half-scorn Shakspeare asks—

"What's in a name?—a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,"

and yet we maintain that there is a great deal in a name. A baseless prejudice, which may wholly restrain one from looking into the book, may be engendered by an unfortunate misnomer: or a too favorable foregone conclusion may be the effect imparted through a certain mysterious touch given to the imagination by a happy hit in the naming of a volume not yet passed under review. As literary sponsor, therefore, we think Mr. Lucas has failed to give the right name to this child of his imagination. It ought to have taken its designation from the longest and by far the most poetic portion of the book—"*St. Agnes of Guienne.*"

The reader should not be deterred by the title, nor yet by the Preface, which is not such an introduction as the poems merit, and which, moreover, offends by an error, typographical or other, in the very first sentence. Nor let him make up his opinion, or begin to make it up, until he has read through and beyond Part I. The truth is, Mr. Lucas has not, in the bringing out of the book, done himself justice as an author. What is better, however, he has done himself honor and something more, as a gentleman and a brother.

The sister who has but recently died in her early womanhood, had contributed, under the *nom de plume* of *Eglantine*, to various Southern journals, the pieces here collected, under the title given above. These verses are the sweet, feminine productions of an unpracticed hand, such as a loving brother may well admire, and even publish. Nevertheless, they are not such as would attract to further reading, the critical eye that might glance at them, for the purpose of judging thereby the rest. But the brother's tenderness has led to the naming of the whole volume after them—has assigned them the front rank, and bestowed upon them a series of creditable illustrations; while his own poems have been held in reserve, overshadowed and unadorned.

With this hint from us, the reader will suspend his judgment for Part II., written by Mr. Lucas himself.

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some of the poems which have most pleased us.

One of the pieces contained in the collection, is a Canzonet which has been widely circulated and much admired—*The Land where we were Dreaming.* We undertake to say that there are several pieces in the volume superior to this, and that the principal poem—*St. Agnes of Guienne*—ranges in a sphere altogether different.

Some forty-five pages, perhaps, are occupied by this mediæval story, regularly and æsthetically developed.

Whether it is an old legend, as we suppose, or an invention of the poet, its handling is original and striking.

The interest of the story revolves about a certain *robe* belonging to a fair maiden, which her lover gets possession of in a perfectly natural way, but which brings them both into desperate trouble, from which, according to the true rules of art, and every consideration of poetic justice, they are, at length, happily extricated.

The style has a well-chosen quaintness, in fine keeping with the mediæval period in which the story has place. There is sometimes a rich sensuousness of description which suggests Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*—not in any plagiaristic way, we would premise. It is allowed that all artists may make *studies* from the great masters. Take an example at random:

"Her breast, shaming the foam that kissed and gloated,
Her smooth arms buffeting the amorous streams,
She in the music of swift currents floated,
As a young spirit threads the course of dreams—
Poetic dreams, which silvery spirits throng
On diamond feet, to wake the verve of song!"

Or perhaps here is a still better illustration:

"Just where the tunic cleft the twin-orb'd hills,
Whose sweet Carrara primness swelled below,
A rose-bud opened out its *carvéd frills*
In *foliations of most spotless snow*."

This is very delicate, cameo-like chiseling, betraying, we think, "the mallet hand."

Yet here and there, throughout this poem, there is an occasional incongruity that startles the fastidious reader. It is thoroughly anti-mediæval to describe a bright painted boat as

—"a jockey dressed in scarlet."

Could any simile be more intensely modern than the following?

"The sun came dropping, *like a gymnast* by
His arms; as 'twere, from *cloudy bars* on high!"

Were we disposed to manifest the malignity supposed in general, to characterize critics, we might pour out a vial or two of wrath on the head of some of Mr. Lucas' riotous metaphors; but we forbear—mollified and subdued by the abounding beauties of the poem. Yet there is an occasional adventurous use of words which administers a vigorous pull to our philological lore. Is our Geography at fault in not knowing where to look for "ultra-Kanic seas?" or does our author mean, in this cool way, to indicate the seas beyond the explorations of Dr. Kane?

The description of the famous

robe, the occasion of so much trouble, must not be omitted.

"And O, the mystery of his waken'd thought!
There was the robe, and on it worked 'Hermine,'
Frilled at the top, at front—at bottom wrought
With careful, scollop'd hems, and *stitches thin*—
To Claude a mystic-leaf, all sybil wove."

[A *man's* description, truly, of feminine garmenture!] "Stitches *thin*" is by no means technical.

There are strewn throughout the Poem, single lines, couplets, and here and there a whole stanza indicating great power of compression and fine antithesis. As an example of the latter, take this verse—the finest single verse in the Poem:

"Now, would that men were not more pure than God!
And would no ermine whiter were than heaven!
No paths more straight than those which Jesus trod—
No laws but those which He Himself hath given—
There were then, fewer saints, but more good men—
The hermits rarer, but more Christians then!"

We dismiss this poem, into which we think we have sufficiently dipped to give the reader a smack of its flavor, with the tender little song which *ought* to (but does not) close the tale of *St. Agnes of Guienne*:

"Nivalis in candore,
Bright thro' eternity,
Star of the hoary sea,
Ave!

We in humility,
Bow to thy majesty,
Star of our destiny,
Ave!

Lo! in her dire distress,
Thou in thy tenderness,
Cam'st to our Patroness,
Ave!

Thou too, hast suffered grief,
Thou too, has found relief—
O, make our sorrows brief,
Ave!

Mother of mystery!
Intacta Virgo!—We
Ring out thy jubilee—
Ave!

Hark to thy chapel bell,
Anthem on anthem swell!
Audi nos! Guard us well—
Ave!

Agnes,—conjuring thee,
Hear us, imploring thee,
Salvis a te adhunc
Cara Nivalis, tunc
Ora pro nobis, nunc—
Ave Maria—Mother of Snow!"

In taking leave of Mr. Lucas' volume, we would say farther in its praise, that while it is Southern in tone and sentiment, as how could it else be, coming from the heart of a Southern man?—it, nevertheless, is not, as some of our late books have been, so exclusively sectional, as to interfere with, or violate the rules of true art.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW. October, 1868. Baltimore: Bledsoe & Browne:

This sterling Quarterly closes the second year of its existence with the following list of articles:

1. Alexander H. Stephens on the War.
2. Lettice Knollys.
3. The Northern Church.
4. Belisarius.
5. Two Recent Poems.
6. Brownson's American Republic.
7. Platen's Poems.
8. Classification in Natural History—with a goodly number of book notices.

The reader will see that there

is no lack of variety. We have had opportunity as yet to read a few only of the articles. Rarely have we seen a more searching criticism of a book than is contained in the opening article on Mr. Stephens' "Constitutional View of the late War between the States." The writer is evidently master of American Political History; and while he ascribes to Mr. Stephens the credit of having written a 'real book,' with special reference to his defence of State Sovereignty, he nevertheless unfolds with an unsparing hand the author's inaccuracies and want of consistency, the possession of which last, he takes great pains to demonstrate in the "Constitutional View." With respect to the honorable gentleman's defense of State Sovereignty, we confess we cannot see how Mr. Stephens or any other man, except a Radical Republican, could write or speak other than a good word touching that doctrine, for it was a maxim even among the pagans of ancient Rome, to 'speak no evil of the dead.'

The essay on "The Northern Church" brings to light many facts which have been forgotten or overlooked by the present generation.

The review of Orestes A. Brownson's book entitled "The American Republic," is scathing and masterly. If the Rev. Doctor does not belong to the order of *pachydermata*, he cannot but wince under it.

We trust the Review may enter upon a larger sphere of usefulness and prosperity, and are gratified to see from a statement of the editors that its success is already assured. J. M. H.

DOLORES: A Tale of Disappointment and Distress. By Benjamin Robinson of North Carolina: E. J. Hale & Sons, 16 Murray Street, N. Y.

We feel a very special interest in this novel, partly, because the publisher is an esteemed friend, partly, because the author was a gallant Confederate soldier, partly, because it comes from the State which poured out more blood than any other Southern State in the struggle for Constitutional freedom. An extended notice will appear in our next issue.—For the present we can only spare space for an extract from the Raleigh (N. C.) *Sentinel:*

"DOLORES."—We acknowledge the receipt, from the Publishers, Messrs. E. J. Hale & Sons, No. 16 Murray Street, New York, of a copy of the Novel, just issued, bearing this title, of which our gallant and gifted friend, Capt. Benj. Robinson, of Fayetteville, is the author. We have read the book, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it a production of rare literary, as well as sensational, merit. In plot, it is well devised, and ingeniously executed; in point of composition, it is highly creditable and frequently elegant; in tone, it is, in the aggregate healthy, though there are exceptions in this particular. The author displays much reading and learning in philosophy, law and medicine. Most of the scenes are laid in North Carolina, and are connected with the war. But we propose, at a future day, to criticise our friend's production more in detail. Meanwhile, we congratulate him upon his decided success, and commend *Dolores* to the favorable consideration of the public.

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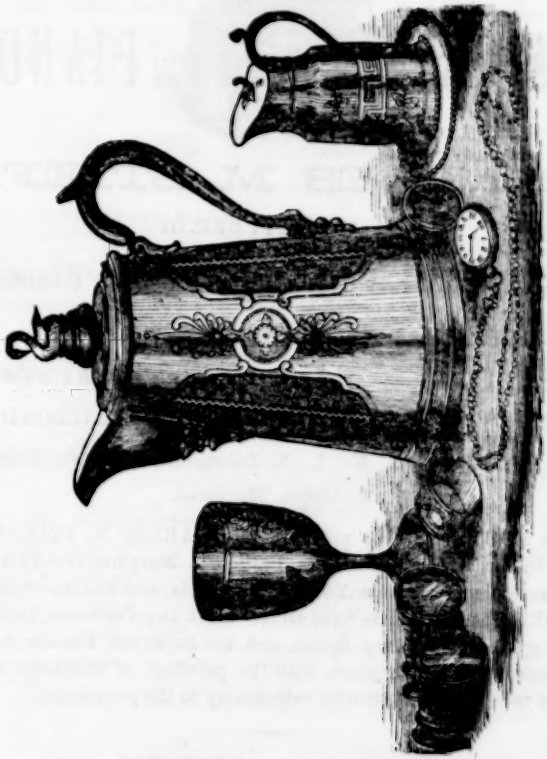

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Professor Baumann, - - - - -	" "
Rev. C. B. Riddick, - - - -	Kittrell's Springs, "
Misses Nash and Kollock, - - -	Hillsboro', "
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J. C. Covel, - - - - - -	Staunton, Va.

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July—1yr

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July—1y[4]

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Dr. F. B. Shuford, Holly Springs, "
Maj. W. A. Herring, Water Valley, "

Frank Matthews, Austin, Texas.
G. M. Mooring, Anderson, "
Hightower, Baker & Co., " "
Capt. W. B. Mitchell, Memphis, Tenn.
J. R. Osborn, Pulaski, "
L. P. Bright, Fayetteville, "
A. Sellif, Nashville, "
R. H. Munford, Covington, "
Dr. T. A. Currie, Danceyville, "
Jno. W. Faxon, Clarksville, "
W. Scott Glore, Louisville, Ky.
Berry & Taylor, Paris, "
T. S. Bronston, Richmond, "
Hon. W. M. Beckner, Winchester, "
George Outlett Lockhart, Esq., Mount Sterling, "
Wm. George, Jr., Bardstown, "
Capt. T. H. Hines, Bowling Green, "
D. T. & J. B. Morton, Lexington, "
L. W. Long, Morganfield, "
Philo. H. Hillyer, Henderson, "
J. N. Outten, Caseyville, "
A. L. Ashby, Owensboro, "
C. L. Stanton & Co., Maysville, "
Rob't Watkinson, Scio, Oregon.
Dr. Archibald Young, Columbia, Mo.
P. M. Pinckard, St. Louis, Mo.
A. M. Saxton, St. Joseph, "
Dr. S. T. Bassett, Richmond, "
W. K. ROBERTS, Helena, Montana Territory.
Dr. A. J. Thomas, Vincennes, Ind.
G. Walker Herdman, Jerseyville, Ill.
Dr. Wm. G. Wilson, Shelbyville, "
J. Wall Turner, Richmond, Va.
Arthur W. Hawks, Charlestown, "
John N. Bell, Winchester, "
W. M. Kennedy, Parkersburg, West-Va.
Caldwell Wright, Esq., Silver City, Idaho Territory.

whom houses are not built."

The cause of this wonderful prosperity is explained in the extract below. The kindness of that noble City to our suffering people is bringing her a noble reward. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Spite of the ravages of war, and the inhuman legislation against the South, it cannot always be kept down. The land is too fertile, and the people too brave and energetic, for the country long to remain in ruins. When the respective States are allowed to choose their own rulers, the hungry adventurers from abroad, and the Fetich thieves at home will run off like rats from a burning barn. Prosperity will once more bless our unhappy section. The South will once more become rich and powerful, and then she will not forget who were her friends in the hour of her sorrow and humiliation. The *Gazette* says:

"Most of this increase of population comes from the South. There are thousands of Southerners here working away at professions, devoting themselves to business, engaged in trade or employed in mechanic arts, men who have come here to build up their shattered fortunes or to earn their daily bread; men who have been attracted hither by the kind-heartedness, the liberality and hospitality of the citizens of Baltimore; who have brought their wives and their children with them to seek a new home, *where poverty and misfortune are not looked upon as a disgrace, and where gold is not the only passport to position.* In years to come, when the days of tribulation have passed away, and when Baltimore fattens upon prosperity, her citizens need never be ashamed to feel that they reaped an honest reward by being true to the unfortunate, and by their efforts to relieve, with openhanded liberality, sufferings which it was not their lot to share. The name of many a citizen of Baltimore is to-day a household word in the South; and in Virginia and the Carolinas and in other Southern States, Southern men, settled in Baltimore, are constantly traveling in and preaching to the South the advantage of the Baltimore market and influencing trade to it. It is to its Southern sympathies that Baltimore in a great measure owes its increase and to some extent its prosperity. Baltimore has dealt liberally and she is reaping largely; and in her unselfish action she has taken the best means to publish widely the great advantages which she offers as a market to a very large and important portion of the country.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WREATH OF EGLANTINE.* Let us be in haste to recognize, without waiting for opinions of the press from the North or elsewhere, a true Poem from the South: let us say that it is real poetry, and risk our critical reputation on the reception it will

* The Wreath of Eglantine and other Poems; edited, and in part, composed by Daniel Bedinger Lucas. Kelly & Piet, Baltimore.

meet with. Yet not exactly on that: for even should an unappreciative public fail to lend an ear to it, we will still be disposed to maintain against all comers, that we cannot mistake the impulse of the divine afflatus.

The volume is issued for the Christmas holidays, and in advance of its regular advent, through the kindness of a friend (not author, nor publisher) we have enjoyed it like a draught of hydromel. It has been brought out in a style just short of the *copie de luxe*, by Kelly and Piet, the Baltimore publishers, and as we believe Mr. Lucas is a native Virginian, the book commends itself to us as altogether Southern.

Everybody knows with what half-scorn Shakspeare asks—

"What's in a name?—a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,"

and yet we maintain that there is a great deal in a name. A baseless prejudice, which may wholly restrain one from looking into the book, may be engendered by an unfortunate misnomer: or a too favorable foregone conclusion may be the effect imparted through a certain mysterious touch given to the imagination by a happy hit in the naming of a volume not yet passed under review. As literary sponsor, therefore, we think Mr. Lucas has failed to give the right name to this child of his imagination. It ought to have taken its designation from the longest and by far the most poetic portion of the book—"*St. Agnes of Guienne.*"

The reader should not be deterred by the title, nor yet by the Preface, which is not such an introduction as the poems merit, and which, moreover, offends by an error, typographical or other, in the very first sentence. Nor let him make up his opinion, or begin to make it up, until he has read through and beyond Part I. The truth is, Mr. Lucas has not, in the bringing out of the book, done himself justice as an author. What is better, however, he has done himself honor and something more, as a gentleman and a brother.

The sister who has but recently died in her early womanhood, had contributed, under the *nom de plume* of *Eglantine*, to various Southern journals, the pieces here collected, under the title given above. These verses are the sweet, feminine productions of an unpracticed hand, such as a loving brother may well admire, and even publish. Nevertheless, they are not such as would attract to further reading, the critical eye that might glance at them, for the purpose of judging thereby the rest. But the brother's tenderness has led to the naming of the whole volume after them—has assigned them the front rank, and bestowed upon them a series of creditable illustrations; while his own poems have been held in reserve, overshadowed and unadorned.

With this hint from us, the reader will suspend his judgment for Part II., written by Mr. Lucas himself.

As we do not intend any labored critique, we would indicate our opinion by directing attention to

some of the poems which have most pleased us.

One of the pieces contained in the collection, is a Canzonet which has been widely circulated and much admired—*The Land where we were Dreaming.* We undertake to say that there are several pieces in the volume superior to this, and that the principal poem—*St. Agnes of Guienne*—ranges in a sphere altogether different.

Some forty-five pages, perhaps, are occupied by this mediæval story, regularly and æsthetically developed.

Whether it is an old legend, as we suppose, or an invention of the poet, its handling is original and striking.

The interest of the story revolves about a certain *robe* belonging to a fair maiden, which her lover gets possession of in a perfectly natural way, but which brings them both into desperate trouble, from which, according to the true rules of art, and every consideration of poetic justice, they are, at length, happily extricated.

The style has a well-chosen quaintness, in fine keeping with the mediæval period in which the story has place. There is sometimes a rich sensuousness of description which suggests Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*—not in any plagiaristic way, we would premise. It is allowed that all artists may make *studies* from the great masters. Take an example at random:

"Her breast, shaming the foam that kissed and gloated,
Her smooth arms buffeting the amorous streams,
She in the music of swift currents floated,
As a young spirit threads the course of dreams—
Poetic dreams, which silvery spirits throng
On diamond feet, to wake the verve of song!"

Or perhaps here is a still better illustration:

"Just where the tunic cleft the twin-orb'd hills,
Whose sweet Carrara primness swelled below,
A rose-bud opened out its *carvèd frills*
In *foliations of most spotless snow*"

This is very delicate, cameo-like chiseling, betraying, we think, "the mallet hand."

Yet here and there, throughout this poem, there is an occasional incongruity that startles the fastidious reader. It is thoroughly anti-mediæval to describe a bright painted boat as

——"a jockey dressed in scarlet."

Could any simile be more intensely modern than the following?

"The sun came dropping, *like a gymnast* by
His arms; as 'twere, from *cloudy bars* on high!"

Were we disposed to manifest the malignity supposed in general, to characterize critics, we might pour out a vial or two of wrath on the head of some of Mr. Lucas' riotous metaphors; but we forbear—mollified and subdued by the abounding beauties of the poem. Yet there is an occasional adventurous use of words which administers a vigorous pull to our philological lore. Is our Geography at fault in not knowing where to look for "ultra-Kanic seas?" or does our author mean, in this cool way, to indicate the seas beyond the explorations of Dr. Kane?

The description of the famous

robe, the occasion of so much trouble, must not be omitted.

"And O, the mystery of his waken'd thought!
There was the robe, and on it worked 'Hermine,'
Frilled at the top, at front—at bottom wrought
With careful, scollop'd hems, and *stitches thin*—
To Claude a mystic-leaf, all sybil wove."

[A *man's* description, truly, of feminine garmenture!] "Stitches *thin*" is by no means technical.

There are strewn throughout the Poem, single lines, couplets, and here and there a whole stanza indicating great power of compression and fine antithesis. As an example of the latter, take this verse—the finest single verse in the Poem:

"Now, would that men were not more pure than God!
And would no ermine whiter were than heaven!
No paths more straight than those which Jesus trod—
No laws but those which He Himself hath given—
There were then, fewer saints, but more good men—
The hermits rarer, but more Christians then!"

We dismiss this poem, into which we think we have sufficiently dipped to give the reader a smack of its flavor, with the tender little song which *ought* to (but does not) close the tale of *St. Agnes of Guienne*:

"Nivalis in candore,
Bright thro' eternity,
Star of the hoary sea,
Ave!

We in humility,
Bow to thy majesty,
Star of our destiny,
Ave!

Lo! in her dire distress,
Thou in thy tenderness,
Cam'st to our Patroness,
Ave!

Thou too, hast suffered grief,
Thou too, has found relief—
O, make our sorrows brief,
Ave!

Mother of mystery!
Intacta Virgo!—We
Ring out thy jubilee—
Ave!

Hark to thy chapel bell,
Anthem on anthem swell!
Audi nos! Guard us well—
Ave!

Agnes,—conjuring thee,
Hear us, imploring thee,
Salvis a te adhunc
Cara Nivalis, tunc
Ora pro nobis, nunc—
Ave Maria—Mother of Snow!"

In taking leave of Mr. Lucas' volume, we would say farther in its praise, that while it is Southern in tone and sentiment, as how could it else be, coming from the heart of a Southern man?—it, nevertheless, is not, as some of our late books have been, so exclusively sectional, as to interfere with, or violate the rules of true art.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW. October, 1868. Baltimore: Bledsoe & Browne:

This sterling Quarterly closes the second year of its existence with the following list of articles:

1. Alexander H. Stephens on the War.
2. Lettice Knollys.
3. The Northern Church.
4. Belisarius.
5. Two Recent Poems.
6. Brownson's American Republic.
7. Platen's Poems.
8. Classification in Natural History—with a goodly number of book notices.

The reader will see that there